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Miss M. W. Ferris.

my little Book to you -

New Friend of mine
with rarest heart, and true!

— warmed my soul anew
with fire divine.

— where desire may lead

Over land or sea -

pray you may not need
these thoughts of mine to read

to think of me!

Ad. Benson

exd May - 1905 -









Faithfully Your friend
A W Parsons

THE PRESIDENT

THE PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES



Rhymes, Rambles

AND

Reminiscences.

BY

A. W. PARSONS,

/

CITY OF MEXICO.

13



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MEXICO.

1897.

12

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ASTOR LENOX AND
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TO MY MOTHER,
SARAH CELINA PARSONS,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK.
TO HER NURTURE, LOVE AND PRAYERS,
I AM INDEBTED FOR ALL THAT I AM,
OR MAY EVER BECOME.
AUGUST, 1897.



*If thou hast apprehended well
The tender glory of a flower
Which moved thee by some subtile power
Whose source or sway thou couldst not tell.*

*If thou hast kindled to the sweep
Of stormy clouds across the sky,
And gazed with tranced and tearful eye
And swelling breast, upon the deep!*

*If thou hast felt the throb and thrill
Of early day, and happy birds,
While peace which crowned thy chosen words
Has flowed from thee in glad good will.*

*Then hast thou tasted Heavenly dew;
Then have thy feet, in rapture trod
The pathway of a thought of God;
And Death can show thee nothing new.*





Rhymes.

TO THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

Sweet gentle bright eyed flower of modest hue,
Why hiding here a lone secluded child
With conscious power of all that praise begets?
Thy beauties put to shame the violets,
I fain would lure thee from thy haunt so wild,
And show thy blushes to the public view.

What pleasures do'st thou seek in forest deep,
By murmuring brook and shaded grassy plot?
And why do fairest maidens visit thee,
And draw thee from such sweet obscurity?
Do they admire thy charms and envy not,
And visit thee in dreams, when fast asleep?

Nature hath jewels unpossessed by art;
And clustered gems near every pathway grow.
I would attain unto the Higher Power,
That paints alike the rainbow and the flower.
May there be coming days when I shall know
And feel the blessing deep within my heart.

Worthington, Mass, April, 1889.

To * * *

TO * * *

If you could look into my heart tonight,
 Who art so far removed from out my sight,
 I would throw wide the chamber of my soul,
 So should you see the whole.

And you could view the secret niche wherein
 I guard your image safe from taint of sin;
 My only shrine, and if I pray aright,
 You are a saint tonight.

You will not chide me, Love, if just tonight
 I much prefer the finite to the infinite:
 You cannot care that I should hold you so
 Whose heart is white as snow.

For I can worship only what is pure,
 And of all other creeds I am not sure:
 Nor prayer nor priest, nor word of man shall part
 Your image from my heart.

Cuautla, Mexico; Christmas, 1893.

THE CLAIM OF EROS.

Love rules the world! no matter where
Two hearts may meet, life is begun
And every thing is bright and fair,
When they together, beat as one.

Love rules the world!

Love rules the world—'neath Afric's sun
The native brings bright offerings:
Lays them before the girl he's won,
And all the air with rapture rings.

Love rules the world!

Love rules the world- on polar snows
The Indian builds a hut of fur,
Prepares it for a maid he knows,
Gives it, with all his heart, to her.

Love rules the world!

Love rules the world, from pole to pole,
From lowest depths to Heaven above:
Love is the measure of the soul,
For Soul is Life, and Life is Love.

Love rules the world!

Panama, South America, 1893.

TO * * *

If I should need a faithful friend and true:
Though peaceful now, the tempered breeze for me,
And calmy floats my craft along the blue;
Love, could I turn to you,
If sudden storm engulfed me in the sea?

Mexico, 1894.

FRAGMENT.

What is a kiss? I asked a maid;
Her answer was an upturned face,
And with her eyes she plainly said-
«Can you not find the place
Where kisses wait?» I turned away,
For she was forty yesterday!

MY PRAYER.

Sometimes I cannot find the way
Which Thou O Lord dost mark for me;
But be my lot whate'er it may,
Give me just faith enough to say
«I trust in Thee.»

So many doubts obscure the light,
I wonder oft at Thy decree;
The other pathway looks too bright;
'Tis easier to do wrong than right;
Why should it be?

When storms upon my pathway lower,
And the right road I cannot see,
Grant me a flashlight of Thy power.
Through life and at the honest hour
Be close to me;

For I am human, weak and frail,
And thou didst make me so to be:
Stay near me till earth's visions pale,
Then point, though dimly, through the veil
Eternity!

DE ADONIS.

When your sweet eyes, so tender;
Those eyes of heavenly blue,
Shine with a tear dimmed splendor,
I feel like crying too.

And when with brighter vision,
Hope doth your fears beguile,
I climb the heights Elysian!
Rejoicing in your smile.

May I in coming years, love,
When we have older grown,
Kiss away all your tears, love,
And call your smiles my own?

Boston, 1877.

TO ONE WHO SHALL BE NAMELESS.

To thee O maiden fair, I would indite
A humble roundelay to Beauties' shrine;
For thou those sweetest graces do'st combine
With fairest courtesies, which most delight
Him, who with modest mien and humble pen,
Would fain entreat an audience with thee.
And I will breathe a lover's rhapsody;
Can I but see thy charming face again.
Should darksome Fate this dearest wish decline,
And with a rash decree, banish from sight
Forever, thy sweet image; fair and bright
Could be the cloudless day, the sun might shine,
But o'er my broken heart a dark eclipse
Like unto blackest night, would certain fall,
When I would give my soul, my life, my all,
To feel the heavenly pressure of thy lips!
So dear one, turn your face to mine again,
And read thy lovelight in my glistening eye;
For your dear sake, I e'en would gladly die
A death of agony, and poignant pain:
Could I but wear that brilliant diadem,
Your priceless love, upon my yearning breast,
As dawned upon my sight, supremely blest,
The confines of the New Jerusalem!

Athol, Mass., 1880.

CUBA.

Thou land of palm, of indolence and love,
 Of perfect calm, where lulled the senses rove:
 With pulses still, 'neath branches green I lie,
 Charmed by the thrill of tropic scene and sky.
 A bird in gold pours from his throat in air
 Sweetness untold, and every note a prayer!
 Who would not dream in such an isle as this
 Where all things seem to breathe a smile of bliss?

Havana, June 1891.

ATONEMENT.

Grief many be hidden
 'Neath sorrow's sigh:
 Yet oft unbidden,
 Across the sky
 When clouds are drifting,
 One standeth nigh,
 The cross uplifting,
 With pitying eye.

San Francisco Cal, 1892.

TWO SISTERS.

A SONNET.

A pallid wreck upon a moon kissed shore:
A blighting sorrow where no care had been:
The sad unmasking of some unknown sin,
While Innocence flies weeping through the door:
The trusted handclasp of a long sought friend
Who, ere she passes the heart portal o'er,
Is ruthless parted to return no more!
These are thy crimes, O Fate! e'en to the end.

Thou hast a dark robed sister called Despair!
I know her well: Full many a bitter hour
Hath she crooned o'er me, as with fervent prayer
I craved entreaty with a Higher Power
For swift deliverance from thy fell decree:
Pleading for white winged Peace to come once more to me.
Guatemala, Central America, 1891.

A NEW YEAR.

Standing upon a threshold new and strange,
With faltering feet, I ponder o'er the fate
Which the New Year holds in its treasured lap
For me, whether of good or ill it be,
It still is sealed, nor would I dare to know.
Yes, this New Year, the buoyant messenger
Whose footfalls lightly press on Time's worn track,
And seem to echo back the lingering steps
Of the Old Year, which with regretful mien,
And form bowed o'er with age, slowly departs
Forever: this New Year that brings good will
And peace unto mankind, filling anew
Nature's perennial spring, whose laughing stream
Is sweetest minstrelsy for man's delight:
What meed of comfort does it bear for one
Untimely torn from all he held on earth
As dear and sacred; can it bid the tear
Which at each fresh remembrance, doth appear
Depart forever, heal the broken heart?
Despair makes answer, no! it holds no word
Within its sealed lips for grief like this.

Brainerd, Minn., 1884.

SUGGESTED BY BYRON'S "INSCRIPTION"

When some betraveled youth returns to town:
Unknown perchance to honor or renown,
The local sheet records his name, and date
Of his return unto his native State:
When all is done, upon the page is seen
How well he looks, and everywhere he's been:
While his fond mother, she who knows him best—
Although his type may be the commonest—
Holds in her honest heart his own enshrined,
And in his death, her own would surely find.
Man's shifting actions, win the world's applause,
While it too oft forgets the nobler cause
Of woman's virtues. Precious mothers all
Whose faithful hearts are at their offspring's call?
Were merit paid, and sin no more forgiven,
'Tis thee alone, methinks, would enter Heaven!

St. Paul, Minn., 1831.

AN IMPROMPTU SONNET-ACROSTIC.

Tis sweet to feel the witching dawn of Love;
Of dreamfull days, and nights o'ersteeped in bliss;
Far, far removed from earth the senses rove,
And every breath seems tintured with a kiss!
Near to the heart a sainted image lies,
Nor from some star, could come a fairer form
Yearning to leave a mansion in the skies
Joining an earth born soul to keep it warm.

Hail then to Venus! Goddess of man's heart,
And sweet purveyor of the joys of life;
Reclining on thy breast, we seem to feel
Repose, and all our sorrows softly steal
Into the dim old Past, and petty strife
Swift is forgot. May thou from man ne'er part.

Mexico, 1894.

TEXAS.

Texas they say is a mighty tough place,
And they havn't told a lie;
Here the buzzards roost with patient grace
Near the long horned steer with the speckled face,
Waiting for him to die!

'Tis here the festive cow-boys ride,
Looking for something to do;
With lasso and pistols by their side,
They will put a bullet in somebody's hide
Before the day is through.

Corpus Cristi, Texas, 1891.

SOME VALENTINES.

I pray the Lord your feet may never stray
Near sorrow's bitter way;
But, Love, believe me, if they ever do,
I'll walk the path with you;
As children, wandering homeless in the night,
And not a star in sight;
Beside you close, holding your hand in mine,
Waiting the sun to shine.

When near to you, my fancy soars in flights
To the Elysian Heights!
And one long look into your earnest eyes
For me is Paradise!
To win your love, I'd willingly resign
This fretful life of mine;
Content to know that you would be with me
Through all Eternity!

Last night I dreamed a melody,
And all my world was full of thee,
My eyes unfettered roamed apace,
And everywhere I saw thy face.

Angels were hovering o'er my bed.
And precious were the words they said;
But when I drew them close to me,
Each fairy form was like to thee.

I cannot think it was a dream,
For all this happy day I seem
To find you everywhere I seek,
And feel your breath upon my cheek

Take my poor life and worthless heart
And make them of thy self a part:
For thou art all the world to me,
I have no hope apart from thee!

Mexico, December, 1894.

TO A DEAD MOUSE.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH.

Late tabernacle tenant, whose limp form
So still and lifeless lies upon the floor,
Your little body even yet is warm,
But you will haunt your native hole no more.

For 'twas within these sacred walls, your eyes
From out their timid lids did first appear;
Here your maternal parent with surprise
Noted your advent, with full many a tear;

For well she knew how hard a task it were
E'en for herself to eke a scanty meal
From out the silent pews, where not a stir
Or sound was heard, save when a solemn peal.

From the time honored belfry tolled the knell
That marked the flight of some poor soul from earth,
Or Sundays, when the preacher came to tell
The story of the Cross and the New Birth;

Where tired listeners, weary with the work
Of six long days, after a custom old
Assembled weekly at the quaint old kirk
To gossip, and to hear the Gospel told.

But thou, meek suppliant, who didst depend
On this scarce bounty for thy humble fare,
Hast come at last to an untimely end,
And I thy little grave will quick prepare.

A moral I would find in thy sad fate:
Thou couldst not live alone on piety:
And he who hopes to reach the Golden Gate
By prayer alone, or strict sobriety:

Will find, me-thinks, with thee, that faith indeed
Is scanty fare to battle with the strife
Along Life's highway. Teach me Lord the creed
Through which I may attain the Bread of Life!

Worthington, Mass., 1879.

DO YOU REMEMBER, LOVE?

One summer evening, many years ago:
How, when the day was dying, and the stars
Lent their pale beauty to the scene around,
You, dear, and I, were driving through a wood
Whose very foliage seemed to breathe of love.
All Nature hushed, and every element still:
Save that I felt a love impassioned force
Straining my heart strings, striving to impart
To thee fond one, the sentiment it bore.
You heard the impulsive beatings, and well knew
The wholly vacant place within my heart;
How I would fain have clasped you to my breast
And held you there forever: and then too,
How, when with faulty speech, and eyes suffused
With tears unbidden, and all else forgot
Save that I loved you, how I tried to tell
The story ever old, but ever new:
When ere the lingering utterance was voiced
To which methought you would sweet answer make:
Our careless steed, lone wandering unrestrained,
Tipped us both over in a miry ditch!

Boston, 1878.

ALL I WANT.

One day you came into my life, sweetheart
My life that was so cheerless lone and sad;
And then I prayed that you would ne'er depart
Until one gracious look to make me glad
You gave me, with those eyes of wondrous hue;
Just one would do.

But when you with a plenitude of grace
Granted the glance that blessed me over much,
I was not happy—and with blushing face
Must own I hungered for a single touch;
Only a lingering of your hand in mine
Were bliss divine!

O happy Fate, the look and clasp you gave,
For you were wondrous kind that day, my sweet;
But now, alas one favor more I crave
To make my meed of happiness complete;
Give me one single kiss, of all your store,
I ask no more!

I ask no more? nay—for I have no will,
And all my promises are quite forgot
When you are near me, and my pulses thrill
With fond anticipation, will you not
Be wholly mine, heart, body, life and soul?
I want the whole!

POPOCATEPETL.

Colossal monarch of the New World! thou
Whose skycrowned head is white with wealth of years;
Deep traced among the wrinkles of thy brow
The fates of nations are, their loves and tears,
Who lived and died, close nestled at thy base,
Since first was reared thy fiery mantled crest
Hot from the womb of Earth, lifting thy face
So high that snow white clouds are nurtured at thy breast!

And I have scaled e'en to the grisly head
Thy time worn battered side, and awestruck gazed
Into thy mouth, and smelled thy sulphurous breath,
And felt that they have lied, who call thee dead.
Some day thou wilt awake, and all amazed
Thousands in that dread time will wed themselves to
(Death!

Ameca, México, Feb. 1, 1894.

A GIRL I KNOW.

I met last May,
Miss Rosie Gray,
She is bewitching by the way;
And I will say
I trust and pray,
That she will be my fiancéé
Some day.

She was so fair
And debonnair,
With such a sweetly charming air,
That I will swear
This maiden rare,
My unresisting heart did snare,
Right there!

Her eyes of blue
Were clear and true
And seemed to read you through and through.
Swift on me grew
A passion new;
I could not help her heart to sue,
Could you?

We sat one day
On new mown hay,
Twining a wreath of blossoms gay;
Said she in play,
«Come, tell me pray
The secrets that these flowers of May
Betray.»

This one so nigh
Doth hope imply,
While that betokens charity,
And this, so shy
With modest eye,
An emblem is, of purity,
Said I.

But have you met
That floweret
Which poets feign doth love beget?
She, thus beset,
With eyelids wet,
Sweet answer made, with faint regret,
«Not yet.»

Can it be true?
She blushed anew,
The while her courage swiftly grew,
Then peeping through
Her eyes so blue,
She naively asked with changing hue,
«Have you?»

Well chere amie
If you'll agree
To whisper it to nobody,
I'll secretly
Confide to thee
That *Rosie's* charms most potent be
For me.

She gave a start
And drew apart,
Which pierced my soul as with a dart;
Oh! wondrous chart
A maiden's heart,
For when we saw the old hay cart
Depart:

A Girl I Know.

T'was evening quite,
And in her bright
Blue eyes, I saw no look of fright,
As clasping tight
Her form so slight,
I kissed her, in the fading light,
Good night.

New York City, 1890.

A FRAGMENT.

The blood within my heart
Is warm today,
For Love's sweet holy art
Asserts its sway.
The ivy round the tree
Its arms entwine,
And you encircle me,
My valentine.

Mexico, Febr'y 14, 1894.

LINES FOUND IN A MURDERER'S CELL.

I'm sitting all alone tonight,
Recalling many visions, bright,
 Of days that used to be:
Though bitter griefs my heart assail,
Fond memory draws a kindly veil
 O'er present misery.
In boyhood days, on pleasure bent,
Each hour was full of merriment,
 Of happiness and glee:
On sunny days I'd fly my kite,
And tell my little prayer at night,
 Beside my mother's knee.
When older grown, and sent to school,
I tried to learn the Golden Rule,
 Although I found it hard;
But planned full many a moonlight raid,
And frequent pilfering journeys made
 Beyond the college yard.

I gained few honors in my class,
It was in escapades alas

That I alone excelled:

Thus I went on from bad to worse,
And woke one morning with a curse,
To find myself expelled.

What though I since have gone astray,
Have wandered many a devious way
And wantoned oft with truth?

I've only now to shift the scene,
Forgetting what I might have been,
In memories of youth.

Forget! ah that I could forget!
But man's stern law will only let
Me live a few short hours;
A wasted life! a broken heart!
Nothing but error from the start
And misdirected powers.

Yet this one thing I hold apart :

The hidden tablet of my heart

One sacred memory bears:

The record of my earlier years

Was written in a mother's tears,

And hallowed by her prayers!

But, oh the bitter, bitter thought,

That she whose love in childhood taught

My little lips to pray:

Is now an angel in the sky,

And I, *a felon doomed to die*

At morrow's break of day!

The hangman's cap will be my pall

Nor yet too soon, and as they all

Shall gather round my bier:

What recks it that I can but know

There is no mortal here below

To shed a single tear!

Repentance! is it now too late?
Yes, I deserve too well my fate,
And merit all the loss
Of future happiness: yet He
Pardoned, while hanging on a Tree,
The thief upon the Cross!

St. Louis Mo., 1891.

ON HIS WEDDING-DAY.

My heart is o'erflowing, my sweet,
With the love I have given to you;
I have counted the cost:
What is gained, what is lost:
And with passionate swift restless feet
I leave the old life for the new.

The old life belongs to the Past,
And I've burned all the bridges away,
For I would not turn back
O'er the desolate track,
For the Future with Hope is o'er-cast,
And a new sun is shining today!

September 3, 1885.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

WRITTEN IN HER AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Sweet boyhood days, I dream of thee:
Days that seemed never born to die:
So full were they of joy, that I
Scarce heeded that their end could be.

But time is heartless, and too soon
The springtime of my life had passed:
Twere too much happiness to last,
And morning glided into noon.

And noon to night! nay, rather let
Me pray that Fate will still be kind,
And ere the snowtime I may find
A ray of hope to kindle yet.

And now to you, my younger friend,
A secret true I will impart:
Treasure it deeply in your heart;
Or'tis in vain these lines are penned.

So heed me well: the earth is vast,
And who is wise, each day, each hour,
Will cull some fragrant tinted flower
And breathe its beauties while they last.

The good you do from day to day,
Outlives all error, and will shine
Forever with a light divine,
Illumining life's darkest way.

Truth is a heaven born attribute;
And Virtue needs no praise from me;
Let them your choicest jewels be,
Nor e'er allow a substitute!

The praises that you win from men,
Strive well to merit, though there be
Among them specious flattery,
It surely cannot harm you then.

Your youthful days will soon be passed:
And, when adorned with womanhood,
God grant he may be pure and good
Who wins your priceless love, at last!

PARA SIEMPRE!

Just one short happy day
That brought us near to Heaven!
Why were such rapture given
So soon to pass away:
O why so fleet?

Where shall we meet again?
By lonely seagirt shore,
Where the wild ocean's roar
Proclaims his vast domain,
There may we meet?

Rather some sheltered place
Where streams and flowers abound,
With happy birds around;
There would I see your face.
I oft repeat

Prayers for a word from thee,
A pressure of thy hand,
Oh! that I could command
Now to appear to me
Thy presence sweet!

Banished were all my cares,
If pillowed on thy breast,
My head could find that rest
Which countless hopeless prayers
Vainly entreat!

But all desire is vain
To bring my love to me;
One whom I fain would see
I ne'er shall clasp again
Or fondly greet!

New Orleans, 1885.

TO A DYING GENERAL- U. S. GRANT.

As, one by one, the heroes of the earth,
Who, having by brave words and noble deeds
Honored their country and their fellowmen;
When the full measure of their days is spent,
And living only in the retrospect,
Prepare with their accustomed fortitude
To face the undivined Futurity,
Which with relentless haste approximates
The Present, and no circumspection knows.
But garners all alike, the small, the great;
We seem to feel and share the weakening pulse,
The long awaited breath: and many a tear
Is wrung from eyes that had not learned to weep
Before! tears that distilled for such a cause,
Chasten and purify, through honest grief
The donor, be he friend alike or foe.

For all our petty feuds are buried deep,
When stern and cold is laid that icy hand
Which no compassion knows, upon the door:
Forcing from out pale lips the last goodbye!
Would that some mightier power we could enlist
To battle with Disease, whose spectre gaunt
Stands by the form of him we love so well:
The messenger of Death, who from his post
Moves not, and waits his master's coming sure.
Oh! Hero great, our hearts are with thee now
Through all the bitter way: a Nation's love
Holds out its arms to thee! and thou O Grave!
Keep back for many years to come, we pray.

Veracruz, 1885.

"ILUSIONES!"

There's a thrill in my heart tonight, love,
All strangely sweet and new:
And my thoughts in the quivering light, love,
Like birds, are taking flight, love,
They are winging their way to you!

One thought is something like this, love:
And the angels may stoop to hear;
Half the sweetness of life I would miss, love,
For just one lingering kiss, love:
And your lips were trembling near!

Another thought, quelling the madness
In the depths of my whirling brain :
Is this- from the mist clouds of sadness
That threaten to banish all gladness,
Comes your promise to meet again.

There are other and tenderer fancies,
Which the future holds most dear:
When the spell of your loving glances
My innermost soul entrances :
And I dare not breathe them here!

So, through the long night-time of sorrow
I'll dream of your precious face:
And from each tardy moment, will borrow
New hope for the blest tomorrow,
That brings me your fond embrace.

Then I'll pray that the angels are keeping
Sweet watch o'er my darling tonight;
Will she dream of me, while sleeping:
As through the long hours I'm weeping
And longing for morning light?

Salt Lake City, Utah, 1891.

A QUANDARY.

There are two people I know well,
And with their friendship I am blest;
But for my life, I cannot tell
Which one I love the best;
It does not matter though, you see,
So long as both of them love me.

TO THE WOOD VIOLET.

Tell me oh fairy gem of wondrous hue,
Why are you hiding here alone, exiled,
Who should be queen of all the flowerets?
Perhaps that ancient song "Sweet Violets"
Destroyed your faith in man, and made you wild,
And is that too the reason why you're blue?

Hayti, West Indies, 1891.

WRITTEN ON A PHOTOGRAPH.

Look long and deep, into these imaged eyes;
And when they shrink before thy loving gaze,
Or blush of shame, mantles the pictured face;
Then think no more, that all my heart is thine!

Mexico, 1896.

SENT WITH A RING.

A SPECIOUS PROPOSAL.

If my presence or presents, you had but to choose,
I wonder which one it would be.
Have I made a mistake? Then this gift you'll refuse,
And will send the sweet message to me.

Chicago, 1890.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

The old mill has gone to decay,
And fond recollections appear
Of many a day that has passed away
 Since I sat listening here.
But the murmuring waters will never pour
O'er the moss covered wheel that turns no more!

And I sit by the river side
On this sad October day,
Watching light fleets glide down the lazy tide,
 That were born in the breath of May;
But, though gaily flaunting their colors bright:
The dead leaves are drifting into the Night!

While the sighing south wind grieves
In a wierd and plaintive way;
For to falling leaves, and to autumn sheaves
 It will never more be May,
As grim Winter is coming with chilling breath
Of falling snow, and decay, and death!

And thus it must be with all;
Though the Spring be warm and bright,
There cometh a Fall, with an icy pall,
 And a burial out of sight,
Where the sluggish pulses coldly creep
'Neath the pallid shroud of a wintry sleep.

But the robin will come again,
And the tinted bud appear;
The April rain is ne'er in vain,
 Though the branches look so drear;
The mayflower but dreams in a perfumed bed,
With a snow white coverlet overhead.

Man too hath his early bloom,
A flowertime and summer bright;
But a little room in a lonely tomb,
 And a gravestone strangely white
Soon guard his remains, while they waiting lie,
For the Springtime of Immortality!

Northampton, Mass., Oct., 1889.

A FOREST HYMN.

All Nature breathes of Love, the perfumed breeze
Caressing every blossom, bears to earth
Entwined within its wings, this promise sweet,
That Hope will triumph yet o'er grim Despair!
For who to recreant thoughts an unwilling host,
Or doting madly on some dire revenge,
But, when withdrawn into this virgin wood
Where baser thoughts give way, and banished are—
For the pure spirit that is here enthroned
Can brook no shade of wrong— who then perforce
In this sublime embrace of tree and flower,
With melody of rippling mountain stream,
And reënfacement of the wood birds' prayer
To woo the demon from his bitter heart,
But fain would yield, and give his malice up
To all this milder pleading?

It is told

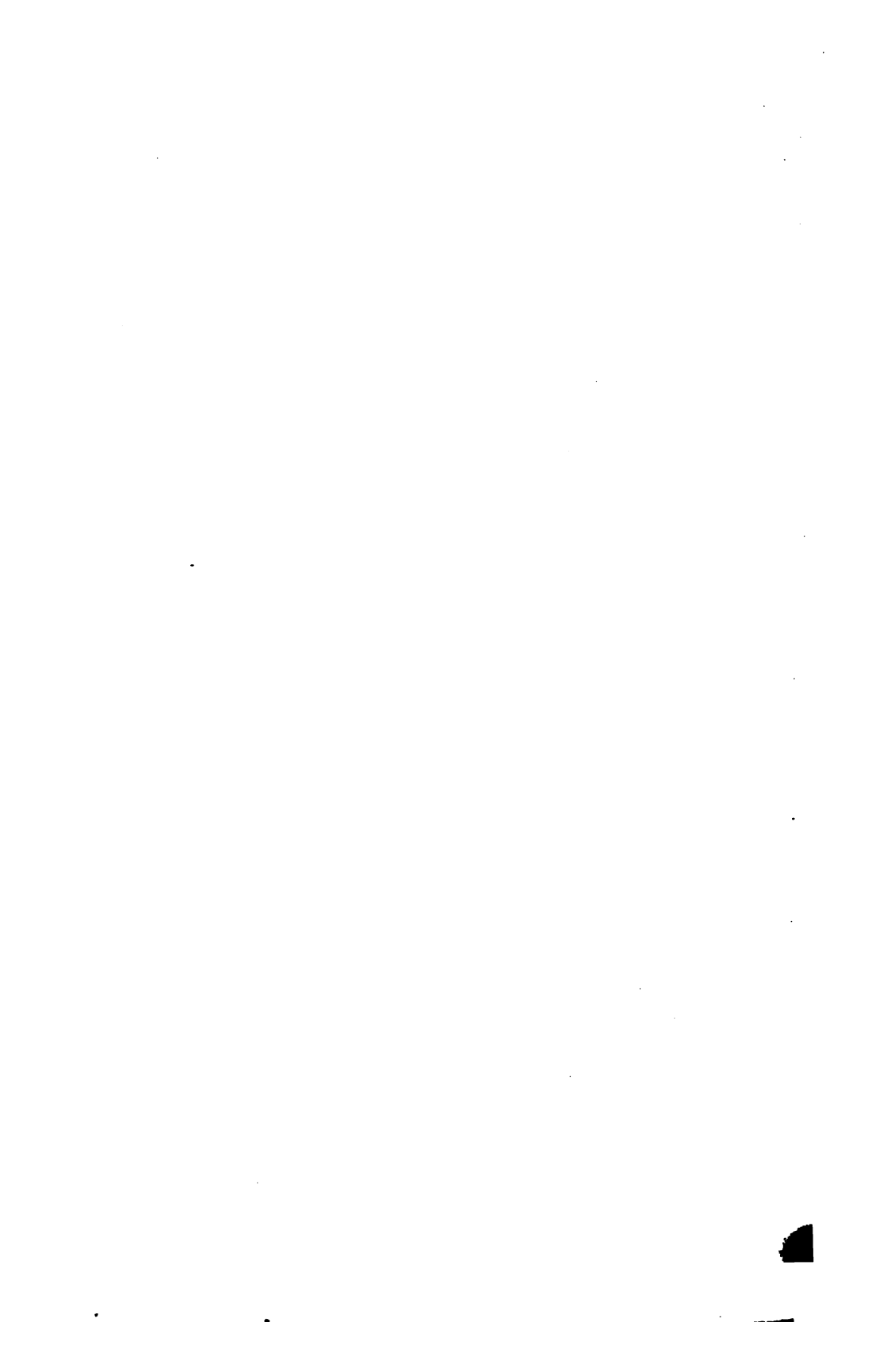
That when the murking skies shoot forth the dart,
And thunderous echoes scourge the expectant air,
It is the wrath of an offended God!
Because, forsooth, of all creations wealth
Of countless creatures, from the graceful sprite,
That glints its gaudy plumage in the sun,
And balances upon a filmy wing
Twixt Heaven and Earth: e'en from the tiny elf,
To the majestic mammoth of the seas,
All being subjects of a Sovereign Power
Comport themselves according to His will
And gratefully acknowledge the decree
Unwritten, yet inscribed on everything!
Yea, all save man alone, who more than all
Beareth the image and the stamp Divine:
Who doth perchance conceive most clearly traced
The purpose of his own Mortality;
Catching oft-times, albeit with vision dimmed,
Glimpses beyond the confines of the Spheres

E'en to the bound line of Eternity!
How sad the truth unfolds that he alone
Hath dared to stretch aloft a puny arm,
Bidding defiance to the Infinite!
Yet haply rare to find a fellow man
Nurtured beneath green branches, and attuned
To the melodious cadence of the rills,
Where line of demarcation doth exist
Twixt God and Nature, [if there be a line]
Most difficult to trace: tis passing strange.
If such an one, suspiring e'en the breath
Of the Creator, yield not up his heart,
Wedding himself to Peace!

If in thy breast,
Lurking'mong darkest windings, lingers yet
The spectre of a fear that in the scheme
Of the Creation, thou wert given no part;

Or if thy human ken, through lack of faith,
Can catch no gleam which might apportion balm
To thy faint heart, from out the great Beyond:
Betake thee and thy faltering spirit, far
Without the monuments of human mould,
And link thyself unto a thought of God!
Within some vast cathedral He hath formed,
Walled in by mossy trunks, and arched o'erhead
With many a festooned bough of shimmering hue,
Thou mayst conceive the lute strings of thy soul
All sweetly trembling from a touch Divine:
While to thy erstwhile doubt, will quick succeed
A calm and holy trust, for thou hast held
Communion with the Author of the Whole!

Bluefields Forest, Jamaica, West Indies, 1891.





Rambles.



TROPICAL NOTES AND EXPERIENCES.

HAVANA, Cuba, May 20, 1891.

"Roll on thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll,
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
stops with thy shore."

Byron was a true lover of the sea. He has left us sublime pictures of its wonderful immensity and power, but did you ever read Clark Russell's "The Golden Hope?" There you can truly live the sailor's life, and while reading his wonderful descriptions of nautical scenes, can almost hear the throbbing swell of the ocean's very heart, and dream that you see the flapping sails which, wing like, are wafting you to some imaginary isle of peace.

I have just landed in Havana, Cuba, after a four days' voyage on the Gulf of Mexico. We had a small gale off Cape Hatteras, and some of the passengers illustrated a famous painting, called, I believe "The Return of the Swallows,"—but let that pass. We had a most delightful trip, and I was truly sorry when we sighted the old castle of Mora, which sentinel like, guards the entrance to the harbor of Havana.

Ocean life on board of a steamship is the same the world over. A delicious air of sameness pervades each day. You are [if you are six feet tall] in a berth which permits your feet to join the lookout watch, and the pitching and rolling of your remains through the watches of the night is, or is not, conducive to sleep—I forget which; At any rate, you

are glad when morning comes, and you go into the dining saloon, if you are able, and with a keen sense of pride, take note of the number of your fellow passengers who have fallen by the way, or in other words. "Prefer the seclusion that a cabin grants." It goes without saying, that it is quite unfashionable to be seasick, and many a poor mortal has staggered into the dining room of a ship who would be far more comfortable at the bottom of the sea.

Then, too, there is a certain laxity of conventionalities on board ship that is truly pleasing to the Bohemian, and especially so on the Havana steamers. As Ella Wheeler Wilcox says:—"There are no fetters to make you tire." You can do anything that fancy dictates. You are friends and brothers all. There was an angel on board of our ship who endeavored to be a sister to all the young men along, and there were nine of us. We fairly tumbled over each other to do her homage, and she was a born diplomat. I verily believe that each of us truly thought we were the especial favorite.

We saw several schools of flying fish, some large sturgeon, several porpoises, a good sized whale, and that beautiful creature of the sea, the nautilus, or "ship of pearl that sails the unshadowed main." Then, too, we had for companions, several dolphins which sport and leap just in front of the prow of the ship and seem always about to be run over. Mother Carey was also watchful of our interests, and contributed a brood of her fairy-like chickens which followed in our wake from morning until night, never weary.

Tomorrow I am invited to visit the famous cigar factory of Alvarez, where the Henry Clay cigars are made, and as a reminder not to forget the appointment, the manager has just sent me by special messenger, two boxes of the aforesaid cigars. It would be a sacrilege to attempt to write or do anything which would interfere with the *dolce far niente* effect of one of these choice creations, and as the temptation to "aprobar" [as the Cubans say] one immediately, is too strong to resist, I will merely add that this foreign trip will include the West Indies, South America and Central America, and that if I escape the dangers of "Yellow Jack," snakes and other probable calamities, you will hear from me again.

HAVANA, May 27, 1891.

Havana is a city of about 300,000 inhabitants, which is about one third of the population of the island of Cuba. It is under Spanish rule, and the people are all anxious to be annexed to the United States. They are taxed exorbitantly, and have no redress. An American dollar will buy \$2.35 of their paper money and \$1.08 of their gold. This peculiar condition of things has kept me in a mathematical state of mind ever since I arrived here.

I have a young Cuban friend in New York who is engaged in putting in a very fair crop of wild oats, and when he learned of my intention to visit Havana, he hastened to give me a letter of introduction to his mother, cautioning me very mildly to be reasonably discreet in my answers to interrogatories concerning himself. I presented the letter a couple of days after arriving here and found his family to be one of the richest and most influential ones in Havana.

A letter of introduction in Spanish countries carries with it an open sesame, and the members of my friend's family have fairly tumbled over each other to do me honor. I soon found out the meaning of his hint as to answering questions about him, for about the first one propounded was in regard to the appearance of his store in New York, the kind of business he was engaged in, etc., Now, as the aforesaid young man has no store in New York, and as his principal business there is to spend his father's money, I did some very creditable lying on his account, for which I am willing to do ample penance.

One of his brothers, a young married man, educated in Madrid, has been showing me the sights and mysteries of Havana. Sunday night we attended a full dress fancy ball at the Spanish casino. It was the "*fiesta de las flores*," or flower feast, and there were fully 3,000 elegantly dressed young ladies present, attended by their cavaliers. It was the prettiest sight I ever saw. There was plenty of room, and I indulged in a couple of what they call "tropical waltzes," a sort of cross between a trot and a canter. The music was divine, and I returned to my hotel during the following day.

Not wishing to be wholly outdone in politeness I presented one of the young ladies of the aforesaid household with a pretty good silk fancy embroidered handkerchief, and it was one of the most colossal mistakes of my short but somewhat erratic career, for, on learning that I have a young ~~niece~~, this charming miss went out and purchased an immense French doll and sent it to my hotel, with a nicely perfumed card attached, requesting me to accept it in behalf of my little girl. Of course I graciously acknowledged the gift, and assured the fair donor that I would deliver it in due time. But what will I ever do with this doll during the time that must elapse before I can return to the United States? The doll, or rather young lady [for I already imagine her possessed of an individuality], is about three feet tall, dressed in the height of fashion, and represents at least 16 years of a girl's life, in her dress and appearance, while her French straw hat, which covers a mass of golden hair, would make an ordinary theater-going young lady

wild with envy. She must have cost the fair and gracious senorita who gave her away, at least \$50, and as she stands on my dressing case, for she can stand alone, I often imagine that I catch her winking a wicked eye at me, and I assure you that her presence is at times really quite embarrassing.

I have made the acquaintance of a wealthy and influential tobacco grower here, and he has given me a general letter of introduction to the cigar manufacturers of Havana. I have visited four of these manufactories already, and in each case, have been presented with a box of choice cigars, and in one of them I drew a double prize—two boxes. There are, I have ascertained, about 60 cigar factories here, and my duty is very plain.

In one of these factories they showed me an order for 8,000 cigars for the Prince of Wales. They are a special brand called the "Invincibles," and there is but one workman in Havana who can make them. I saw him make one. It took him just six minutes, and he gave it to me. It was all right, and costs in Havana \$300 per thousand.

The workmen are paid by the piece, and some of them make \$12 per day. I am always going to smoke my cigar, hereafter with a cigar holder. "A word to the wise," etc.

There are several hundred horses employed on the street car lines, and they are driven down to the ocean beach morning and night, in Indian file, tied to each other's tails. They are then led into the surf by an attendant who is mounted upon the leader. I have seen thirty horses at once, enjoying their forced bath in this manner, and although at the apparent risk of having their tails pulled out by the

horse behind them, they seemed to take much pleasure in the water.

The customs in regard to the women, are very irksome to them, as they cannot be seen on the streets alone or anywhere, unaccompanied by a proper chaperone, without losing their character.

The wealthy class send their children to the United States to be educated, and a large proportion remain there, either marrying, or going into business, or both.

There are no tourists here at present, as the season is over, although the weather has not been oppressively warm. At no time have I observed the thermometer above 88°.

Havana is quite in line with progress, as it has telephones, electric lights, postmen, horse cars and railroads. Good living is, however, expensive, as it costs at least \$ 4 per day in American money to get what to an American, are the necessities of life.

I have been here a week to-day and have not seen a drunken person, and but one funeral. There are no cases of yellow fever here yet, but plenty of small pox and leprosy.

The streets are exceedingly narrow, and sidewalks will not admit of two persons walking abreast.

I was surprised at the great number of negroes here, but learned that they were brought originally as slaves from Africa and were emancipated only seven years ago.

We have two mails per week from New York, and can send letters north by the same steamers.

The Cuban are greatly interested in Mr. Blaine's health, as they look to him as the possible means of bringing about their annexation to the United States.

COLON, Cuba June 1, 1891.

The following is a literal translation of the card that was very politely handed to me as I alighted from the train in this town yesterday afternoon:—

“The Holy Ghost hotel and restaurant, by J. M. Oliva, Colon. Having newly reformed this establishment, its new owner offers to the public a good assortment of everything connected with his branch, combined with the politest and most courteous treatment. Hygienic surroundings and attentive service. The rooms are magnificent, and all is offered at reasonable prices.”

It may be needless to add that I at once surrendered my travelling impedimenta to the representative of this promised haven of rest, and after considerable delay, during which time I have a faint recollection of giving up something like three or four dollars to hackmen, baggagemen or some body; and at last we started for the hotel with the mutilated Trinitarian name. My experience in Cuban hotels heretofore had not been of an optimistic nature, but I will confess that the card above referred to, as it coquettishly nestled in my hand, suggested among other luxuries, a nice bath, a comfortable bed, an easy chair or two, and finally something that a Christian could eat

Well! really I don't know how to describe the place that I was taken to. It was a little, one-story mud or adobe house, though as good as any in town, and when I asked for a view of my “magnificent” room, I was told that there was but one vacant parlor in the house, and as I was a foreigner, he would treat me with due consideration.

While on the way to the room he remarked in a non-chalant sort of a way that there was going to be a cockfight in the town, the next morning, and that he had three rather good fighters himself. By the way, said he, I have been keeping them in the spare room for a few days, but as they are each tied to a chair, by one leg, they will not bother you any; just keep away from them, that's all, for they are pretty cross and might hurt you.

By this time we reached the vacant "parlor" and I was prepared for anything; consequently, when mine host opened the door and discovered that two of his roosters had broken away from their moorings, and were lounging idly around on the bed, I was not surprised. He soon had them properly anchored again, and I had the supreme satisfaction of seeing them most mightily vanquished by mongrel birds from a neighboring town, on the following day; one of them was killed outright, being transfixd by a spur thrust clear through his head, another lost an eye, and the third was a coward and wouldn't fight, so the disgusted owner shot him on the spot, and we had all three of them for dinner to-day. That was about all we did get too, and I congratulate myself that in an hour I am to leave this land of "promise."

I have never been in any place where so much cruelty to helpless animals is practised as in Cuba. It would be shocking to describe even some of the minor and more refined varieties of tortures to which I have been an unwilling witness. And if there is an avenging God, I most sincerely

trust the piteous cries of these poor creatures, will call down proper punishment on the malefactors.

There are several thousand Chinese scattered all through Cuba. They have been imported from China since the emancipation of slaves, as they will do more work for less pay than any race on the earth. As soon, however, as they get a little money together, they go into a town and start a business of some kind or other, and when they have gathered three or four hundred dollars, go back to China.

The sugar plantations are on very grand scale, nearly every one has its own refinery, and a private railroad track connecting them with the nearest railroad. Some of them have several hundred acres of cane, growing all the time; and one which I visited, sends to market annually about \$40,000 worth of refined sugar.

I was very much surprised to learn that the Cubans do not top their tobacco until it blossoms, and then just before cutting. The leaves are very small—none that I have seen being larger than my hand. The Cubans smoke in the horse cars, railroad cars, theaters, and even in the churches.

I am going to close this letter with a brief description of the Zopilote or turkey buzzard, as he is to me the greatest paradox of the feathered tribe. He is a native of sunny lands and lives on the bodies of dead animals, and the deader the animal, the greater the zest with which this most unclean of all things, enjoys his repast.

~~He is a very repulsive looking fowl, when on the ground, and has sneaking, cowardly look, which is indicative of his nature, and I verily believe that he is ashamed of himself, as he certainly ought to be. He readily flees from any living~~

~~animal, the greater the zest with which this most unclean
of all things enjoys his repast.~~

He is a very repulsive looking fowl when on the ground, and has a sneaking, cowardly look, which is indicative of his nature; and I verily believe that he is ashamed of himself, as he certainly ought to be. He readily flees from any living thing, and is perfectly willing to wait several days in order to assure himself that his prey is really and truly beyond all hope of possible resurrection. He is apparently as large as a half-grown turkey, but owing to the immense size of his wings, he does not weigh a half pound.

As I am writing this, a mean, hungry looking specimen has just alighted on a roof opposite me, and is furtively watching me from a safe distance. I am by no means flattered by his attention, and if he is waiting for my demise, I hope he may starve to death. There! he has discovered that I am alive, and has flown away. Now mark the sudden change in his appearance. He has become transfigured! From a low, grovelling, reprehensible sneak, he is transformed into a most beautiful object. See how, without a perceptible quiver of those huge, somber wings, forgetting all known laws of gravitation, he slowly and gracefully lifts himself away from earth, and describing regular and circular evolutions in the air, passes dreamily up and up, and actually loses himself in the glorious blue of the tropical sky; and when the eye can no longer discern his faint image methinks it seems almost a sacrilege that such an unclean thing can get so near to heaven.

CIENFUEGOS, Cuba, June 25, 1891.

The translation of the name of the town from which I am writing this is "one hundred fires." This name was doubtless bestowed on the town by Hernando Cortez, when he unexpectedly landed here many years ago, and found the climate rather suggestive of the place where all good Christians believe that he ultimately went to, for good and all.

Yes, it is rather hot, especially this month, and the wise man stayeth within doors when the sun shines.

But I was going to describe a sugar plantation. Last Saturday, while indolently looking for the bottom of a glass which had quite recently contained an alleged concoction suggesting mint julep, I noticed a quiet, middle aged man sitting near me, and, as is the custom in all Spanish countries, I offered him a cigarette. He very graciously accepted it and took a chair at my table.

We fell to talking about the Mc Kinley bill and other topics, until I asked him if there were any sugar plantations near. He replied that there were several, and on learning that I had never seen a modern one, invited me to visit his, which he said was about 20 miles up the river.

We finally agreed to return together the following day. Starting at six o'clock in the morning, we took a river steamer and after a run of $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, arrived at a rude landing where we left the boat. To my surprise, a small engine and private car, were in waiting, and entering the

car, we were whirled through about three miles of sugar cane, until we arrived at what appeared to be quite a town. I was here treated to a succession of surprises, and to make my tale short, will briefly state that my host was a Spanish marquis, who married an American beauty, a few years ago, in New York.

From one of the managers of the plantation, I gathered the following statistics. There are 15,000 acres of cane in constant cultivation; 600 men are employed in the factory and 2,000 in the canefields. The cane is brought to the factory by rail, and there are six locomotives, 74 cars, and 56 miles of track in use.

There are 18 acres of land under roofs, the chimney is 225 feet high, and the largest engine in use is of 3,000 horse power. The capital invested is \$4,000,000, and during the six months from January to July, the mills are in constant operation, employing two crews of men, and the amount of raw sugar made every 24 hours averages 650 bags of 320 pounds each.

This sugar is worth 3 cents a pound at the factory, and by a little figuring we readily see that my modest acquaintance will manufacture this year, thirty seven million, four hundred and forty thousand pounds of sugar, which will be worth the small amount of one and one quarter millions of dollars; quite a comfortable income when you realize that the total expense amounts to less than half a million dollars!

The cane is planted every seven years and produces one crop each year. The season begins about the first of January,

and continues until the rainy season begins, which is during the month of June.

The field laborers, many of whom are negro women, cut the cane, trim off the leaves and throw the stalks into large two-wheeled carts, drawn, or rather pushed, by oxen, as the yoke is fastened on the animal's forehead in front of the horns, to which it is bound by rawhide thongs. The cattle are guided by ropes, which are passed through the septum between the nostrils.

When a cart is full of cane, it is drawn to the railroad and emptied into a car, by means of a portable derrick, and when six cars are filled, the train starts for the factory. It is here unloaded on to a revolving treadmill, which carries it to the grinding wheels, where the cane is submitted to sufficient pressure to squeeze out all the juice, which latter substance passes into large pans, while the cane is carried automatically to the immense furnace where it serves the double purpose of supplying fuel and getting itself out of the way.

The juice, which is slightly acid, is rendered strongly alkaline by the addition of lime, and is then pumped into large copper boilers, and heated by steam to just the boiling point. It is then carried to the concentrators, where the liquid is rapidly evaporated in a vacuum until crystallization takes place. There are two vacuum pans in use, the largest of which holds 55 hogsheads of 1,500 pounds each. From the vacuum pans, the mass is dropped into the centrifugal machines, 20 in number, each of which holds 150 pounds, and revolves several hundred times per minute,

by which process the liquid portion of the mass [the molasses] is driven to the outside of the machine, and passes through the sieve covering or outside, of the apparatus. It takes about ten minutes of this process for the sugar to become dry enough for shipment, and it is then liberated from the centrifugal machine into bags, weighed and marked. Each bag holds 320 pounds, and a day's "grist" is worth \$640.

The molasses is distilled and yields about \$65,000 worth annually, of a fiery liquid much used by the natives as a beverage, and called aguardiente.

This estate has been worked 45 years, has its own electric light and telephone stations, saw and brick mills, and blacksmith shop, and its fortunate owner enjoys the enviable distinction of being the proprietor of the largest sugar plantation in the world.

ON BOARD SPANISH STEAMER "VILLA VERDE,"
EN ROUTE FOR HAYTI.

July 17, 1891.

We are going about 15 miles an hour, and the sea is pretty high, but I am going to write a short letter about the island of Porto Rico.

I left Havana on this steamer, three weeks ago, and have lived aboard, ever since. The steamer is what is known as a coaster, that is, she does not, make long voyages, but does a local business. This one runs from Havana to Porto Rico direct, and returns to Havana, touching at Hayti.

Porto Rico is a quadrilateral island, about 140 miles long and 90 wide, and belongs to Spain. The principal products are molasses, sugar and coffee, although a good export business is done in tobacco, pineapples and mangoes.

There are three large cities on the island, viz.:—Ponce, Mayaguez and San Juan. The latter is the capital, and is really a pretty place. I called on the U. S. consul there, and found him to be a Virginian. He was also a Colonel. He told me that he had received no news of any description from the United States for one month, and didn't know when he was likely to get any.

Some of the customs and devices adopted by the Spanish government to extort money from these people are really

interesting. To begin with, in order to prevent insurrections, about every fifth man on the island, is an armed government soldier, with uniform and broadsword. The inhabitants have to pay a license to do any kind of business. House owners pay one tenth of the sum for which the house could be rented for, to the government annually. Another peculiar arrangement is that they have to pay a certain sum for the privilege of killing a sheep, goat, hog or beef. The island is divided into districts, and when a man has a fat calf or other animal which he desires to convert into food, he must first notify the collector of his district, who sends a deputy to appraise the animal and fix the duty, which must be paid before the animal can be killed.

They use bulls entirely, for working purposes, the yoke being fastened to their horns by leather thongs, and they are able to handle a much larger load than they could with our ordinary yoke, at least this was what I was told, but I don't believe it.

The inhabitants of Porto Rico, or Puerto Riqueños, as they are called, are mostly small brown people, owing to an admixture of negro blood with the original Spanish stock.

Their hair and eyes are coal black, the former being very straight and glossy. Their horses, which are always driven upon the gallop, are small, thin, wiry animals, and never seem to become tired, and some of them are so wretchedly

attenuated that, they can hardly cast a respectable shadow. Their houses are generally built of wood, with thatched roofs, and are placed upon upright posts, several feet high, especially near the seashore, as submarine earthquakes occasionally send an immense wave of water up onto the land, frequently doing great damage to property; and several people have been drowned in their houses.

I went to the theatre in Mayaguez, and witnessed the debut of a young lady, a native of the city, who had just returned from a five years absence in Italy, where she had been studying vocal culture. In announcing her return, and the various trials through which she had gone, while becoming a first class opera singer, all of which was printed on the program, she stated that during the long weary years of her enforced residence far from her beloved isle, she had never for one brief moment, forgot her dear country, or the many, precious friends who were eagerly waiting for the successful result of her years of study and privation. The house was packed, and when she appeared, the noise was deafening, and it was several moments ere she could show off her new voice. Between ourselves, she had no talent whatever, and indulged in several false notes and abortive trills, but the audience was satisfied, and showered her with applause, fame and flowers. I was sorry for the poor people, for it was doubtless the best singing they had ever heard.

Since writing the above, I have been to dinner, and will give you a brief description of the bill of fare. First, we had a macaroni soup, seasoned with saffron, then Spanish claret wine, after which the waiters brought around a stew composed of mutton, beans, onions, garlic, potatoes, pork and saffron, then followed a course consisting of baked tomatoes, sprinkled over with grated cheese. After this we were served with a glass of sherry wine, followed by roast turkey and lettuce salad, finishing up with nuts, raisins, mangoes, pineapples, champagne and coffee. During the meal, five of the passengers suddenly left off eating, to "seek the seclusion that a cabin grants." They were presumably seasick. It is one of my boasts, that I have never yet indulged in this rather commonplace luxury, although I came very near it on this trip; but I think I am justified in attributing my temporary nausea, to the saccharine antics of a newly wedded couple, who are rashly celebrating their wedding tour, by a sea voyage on board this steamer: which, although registering 1,400 tons burden, is a fearful roller, and occasionally pitches about in the trough of the sea, in a most alarming manner. There is another couple on board, that have caused no end of comment. The husband, is traveling on a first class ticket, and eats at our table; but, doubtless from motives of economy, he allows his wife to travel on a 3rd class ticket, which denies her the privilege

of a berth, and forces her to sleep on the forward deck; the fare is of course commensurate with the other accommodations, and to prevent his dear wife from starving to death, this precious husband, slyly diverts slices of meat and other fragments of edibles, from the table, into his pocket, and secretly conveys them to his "other fraction" for her sustenance.

I expect to arrive at Port au Prince, the capital of Hayti, next Sunday, and as I know that the President of this little Republic has just killed 150 of his subjects, I am a little anxious about the rest. At any rate, if he spares me, I will write you all about the insurrection, and will have an interview with our minister there, Hon. Frederick Douglass, if he has not got frightened and gone home.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, July 26, 1891.

I have just returned from church, where I heard a very strong sermon delivered by a clergyman of the Church of England. It is a very large church, and I was further edified by the rather novel effect produced by fully 1,000 coal black negroes, singing the song, "Whiter than snow," which concluded the services.

Two weeks ago today, I left Porto Rico, and in three days found myself in the oldest town in the new world, San Domingo, situated on the island which contains the two diminutive republics, Hayti and San Domingo. The area of this island is 28,000 square miles, which makes it some what larger than Ireland.

When I was in Havana, a quaint old mausoleum was pointed out to me, which was said to contain the remains of Columbus. I had been better posted, however, and told the officious guide that the body was probably in San Domingo. It is quite certain that it is in one of these two places, and so when I landed in the latter, I went to the old cathedral, at once, and saw the sarcophagus in which, it is almost certain, lie the ashes of the great discoverer.

The story may not be old to you. Columbus, on his second voyage, brought out his brother, a very pious and wealthy man, who built the first church in the new world,

and founded the first institution of learning, both of them in San Domingo. They are still in a good state of preservation. Columbus and his brother died in San Domingo, and were buried in the cathedral, their bodies being placed in two oblong sarcophagi of equal shape and size. A hundred or two years later, some Spaniards who were going to Cuba, carried with them the sepulchre supposed to contain Christopher, and placed it in the cathedral at Havana. Archæologists and historians, however, generally agree that they carried off the wrong tomb, for on the one left in San Domingo was discovered a few years ago, the letter C, set into the stone, and made of copper.

The Santo Dominicans are natives of Spain, and think they have succeeded in establishing quite a model republic on their half of the island, the east half; Hayti being on the west.

A most laughable incident occurred while I was there, which will give you a very good idea of the condition of affairs, in this little republic.

An Italian opera company had been landed in San Domingo by the captain of the ship, because they had no money to pay their passage to Cuba, whither they wanted to go. The star of the company, was a man of infinite resource, and no talent to speak of. He took his stranded companions to the best hotel, and immediately set about

hatching a scheme which would fill his pockets with the funds necessary to continue his journey. Sitting down to his desk, he addressed a letter to the president of the republic, in which he stated, that having heard much in his native country, Italy, of the wonderful republic of the new world, San Domingo, that her president was a man, famous alike for wisdom as a model statesman, and as an appreciative patron of the arts and sciences; he had conceived the idea of organizing an opera company, which should include the most famous artists of the old world; and of taking them to this wonderful country. Said he in his letter: "This idea has been consummated, the grand accumulation of artists are already on your hospitable shore, and I, as their humble representative, beg the honor of dedicating to your most noble Highness, our initial performance, which, by your gracious permission will be celebrated tomorrow night, in the Central theater. Awaiting your most distinguished reply, and placing myself at your feet, I am," etc.

This remarkable product reached the president in due time, and was deemed of sufficient importance to call a special session of congress, at once. When they were assembled, the president read the letter, and called for suggestions as to what should be done in the premises. A senator suggested that the offer be accepted, and that in

recognition of the value of the impressario's services, and as a partial reward for the vast sum of money which he must have expended in bringing his company from so far away, a proper gift of money be tendered him by the government. This plan met with general approval, and the president addressed his secretary of treasury as follows: "Senor—, how much money have we in the treasury today?"

"None, your Excellency. The \$43 remaining yesterday, was drawn out by your order, to pay for gold braid for the uniform in which you were inaugurated three years since."

"In that case," said the president, "I will order a special assessment made on each of the senators present, of \$20."

"But suppose," interpolated an impecunious congressman, "that this man is an imposter?" This suggestion naturally met with a ready concurrence from the rest of the congressmen; and the secretary of foreign relations remarked that the best way to prove the man to be what he represented himself, was to call him before their dignified body, and observe the effect which so much dignity and grandeur would have on him. This was accordingly done. Our hero appeared, and was by no means abashed or disconcerted. As a final and convincing test, however, the president's physician was asked to take his pulse, and on finding it to be unaffected by excitement caused by the presence of so

August a body, the artist was informed that the honor which he proposed conferring upon the president would be accepted, and the sum of \$460 was then formally handed him, in partial recognition of his invaluable services. He gave the concert, and carried away between twelve and thirteen hundred dollars.

On Thursday, one week ago, I landed in Port au Prince, the capital of the black Republic of Hayti. This was originally a dependency of Spain, but in 1804 the negroes overpowered and killed all the white people, and have remained a republic, so-called, ever since. Their constitution is very similar to our own, and they have had fewer presidents during the century than we have. A further comparison, however, cannot fail to establish the fact that the negro, as a ruler, is not a success. The only law among themselves is the law of brute force, backed up by a gun. There are no politics in Hayti. The ruler is, and must be, a dictator. Hippolyte the president was not elected by the people, but by force of arms. He overpowered Legitime, the legal President, and forced him into exile. The latter is living very quietly here in Kingston, and is said to be hatching another revolution.

Hippolyte is an elderly negro, about fifty-five years old, of a yellow color and has white woolly hair.

I found that our consul, Hon. Fred. Douglas, was away

on on a two months' leave of absence, but was very politely received by the vice-consul, an American doctor from Virginia, who has lived in Hayti fifteen years. He told me that no foreigner was ever killed in Hayti, during his residence there, that the nation pays its obligations and is not a bad place to live in. I asked him why the president shot 264 men last May, the 28th. He told me that it was a question of the "survival of the fittest," and that it was either shoot or be shot.

It seems that since the inauguration of Hippolyte in 1888, several parties inimical to him have sprung up, and a revolution is imminent at any time. In fact on the 28th of last May, a determined band of insurgents, numbering about 90, overpowered the prison guards and liberated all the prisoners, including about 60 political offenders. It was these latter whom Hippolyte feared most, and on hearing of the fact, he at once called out the standing army, who are never allowed to sleep undressed, but are always ready, with loaded gun, for action; and at their head, he rode through the city, ordering every suspect to be shot. When he had killed about 260, including every one of the prison guards who had been overpowered, he desisted. But as nearly all of the important prisoners escaped into the woods, the future of this country is clothed in a big black robe of doubt.

The day I landed, a thief was caught in the market, and the attendant commotion was interpreted by everyone, as the beginning of another revolution; and every foreigner immediately sought protection under some foreign flag. In five minutes not a person could be seen on the streets or at the windows; and in a very brief time, the whole army came marching down the street with orders to shoot every person in sight. This will give you an idea of the condition of things here. How I ever got through the week I spent there, I cannot tell; but at last the Royal mail steamship came along, and I was obliged to pay six dollars for a boat to row me out. We landed in Kingston, Jamaica, yesterday morning, and I can at last draw a long breath, and my next letter will be from Jamaica.

MANDEVILLE GROVE, JAMAICA, Aug. 2, 1891.

"To him, who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language. For his gayer moods
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile,
And eloquence of beauty. And she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware."

It is the first day of the week, and after a rural breakfast of eggs and milk had paid tribute to the demand caused by a good night's sleep in the purest of air, I took counsel of my hostess, and learning that the only dominie within a radius of fifteen miles, was incapacitated by a broken leg, from breaking pastoral bread; I at once bethought me of Bryant's assertion that the groves were God's first temples, and it was my desire to preface this letter, with the first sentence of that wonderful Forest Hymn, until, after writing three or four lines, I was painfully admonished that my memory was unfaithful to my intention. Another quotation opportunely presented itself and was at once appropriated. And now, seated on a mossy terrace of rock, under the gauzy though sufficient shade of a forest of logwood and other trees, with the tropical luxuriance of orange, fig, grape, breadfruit, wild lemon and numerous other fruits unknown to me, in close proximity; with overhanging branches laden

with orchids, those delicate air plants, all tintured with perfume as "from an unseen censer," with everything in fact speaking of the great Author of all; I can almost, if not quite, realize that no temple ever reared by man, could bring one, half so near to a proper mood suited to the first day of the week.

I am not going to write a descriptive letter this time, for my surroundings suggest thoughts of a far different nature; and if your indulgent readers will pardon the effort, and you, my dear editor, will reduce the scribble which I am about to indite, to print; the shades of some of our dead and honored poets, may for a brief moment have slight cause to believe that "Saul is indeed among the prophets." Please don't put any quotation marks on it either, for although haunted by an ill-defined idea that my memory and imagination are strangely entangled, I still desire to claim as all my own, the following result of a half hour's acquaintance with a Jamaica forest, on this glorious Sabbath day. (*)

(*) See page 47.

ON BOARD STEAMER BARRACOUTA; Nicaragua, Central
America, Aug. 15, 1891.

My last letter, written from Jamaica, contained, I believe, a resolution to send you something about the customs and peculiarities of the inhabitants of that lovely island; but after spending a couple of weeks among them, I cannot conceive a proper mood in which to do the island justice, and at the same time give an accurate description of its people; so I will only state that Jamaica is a beautiful island, situated about 90 miles south of Cuba; noted for its production of sugar, rum, and niggers; *vide* geography. There are about 600,000 people living in Jamaica, and about 20,000 whites among them, the rest being Ethiopians of every shade of color.

They are the laziest people in the world; and it is the solemn truth that the majority of them live on five bananas each, per week; which allows them to have a daily feast for five consecutive days. The sixth day they spend in getting hungry, and on the morning of the seventh, their energies are sufficiently stimulated by stomachic promptings, to cause an awakening from a six days' torpor, and they sally forth to beg, borrow or steal a sixpence, with which to purchase another quintette of bananas. And so it goes *ad infinitum*.

One week ago yesterday, I boarded the royal mail steamship Orinoco, Captain Gillies, 5,100 tons, (the steamer, not the captain), bound for Colon, the Atlantic port of the isthmus, between the two Americas. We were well out to sea on Sunday, and I witnessed my first service on board ship. Promptly at 10 a. m., the ship bell rung a sacred peal, and the sixty sailors and officers, the former all barefooted, formed in line on the starboard side of the ship, where they were reviewed by the captain, and after responding to their respective patronymics, they defiled down the cabin stairs into the dining saloon. Here the captain read the service of the church of England. The sailors were very nervous during service, at least most of them were fidgeting around, and when I asked the ship surgeon the cause of their uneasiness, he told me that they were obliged to leave the perennial quid of tobacco upstairs during service. He asked me to go with him on deck before service was concluded, and took me to a long rail on the forward deck, where carefully deposited in a row, reposed about forty-five quids of tobacco, of high and low degree, arranged in the order of seniority of their respective owners. I waited here until the service was over, and it did my soul good to see the avidity with which each tar relocated his precious cud, back again within the cavity of his capacious jaw, and to note the calm

and placid look of contentment and complete satisfaction which resumed its place on each rugged face.

We got to Colon Monday, and were just in time to get the full benefit of a tropical shower. The captain told me that it is no uncommon thing for the rain to fall in inch per minute for twenty minutes, and I can well believe it, for it came down in sheets. We finally landed and took a train for Panama, the Pacific port of the isthmus. This railroad is fortyseven miles long, and is about the only valuable asset of the Panama canal company. It cost \$15,000,000, and it is estimated that as many lives were lost in its construction as there are ties in the road.

It runs by the side of the famous Panama canal, and it was the most pathetic sight I ever saw, to ride along this highway of death, where nearly every foot of earth is haunted by an unnecessary and unconsecrated grave; \$75,000,000 wasted; unnumbered hopes blasted; and God only knows how many poor human souls started on the long journey to that undiscovered shore, from this most unhallowed port!

As you all know, the Panama canal scheme came to an untimely end about two years ago, and the whole pathway across the isthmus is lined with costly buildings, now deserted. Dozens of steam dredges, none costing less than

\$100,000, and many of them never used at all, are lying stranded in the now abandoned river. Steam shovels, locomotives, rails and other costly paraphernalia, are slowly rusting away their usefulness; and away off there in an obscure corner of the world, the projector of this crowning folly, DeLesseps, after being decorated by a King, is slowly ebbing his life away, old, unhonored, demented. Would you dare to have your slumbers haunted by the spectres which, marshalling nightly around that luxurious couch, must seem a detachment of demons from the Inferno itself?

I am going to close this letter by paying a well merited tribute to a representative of the Sisterhood of Graces. From time immemorial the newspapers have contained articles more or less scurrilous in which the fair sex, as represented by, so called «summer girl,» has been made the butt of all sort of gibes and possibly merited sarcasm. She is depicted as a heartless siren, who without mercy entraps the unwary in her net, and by the exercise of a divine right of queenship, is pleased most when surrounded by the wrecks of her misguided wiles. Poor angel! She will go down to an unappreciative posterity, hand in hand with the «college widow,» two forlorn damsels, clothed with a little brief authority, and none too soon forgot. It is a positive relief to turn to another picture which I will endeavor to paint for you. She

is tall, fair, regal, and the only lady on board our ship. I have denominated her «the steamer girl,» and she is *sui generis*. What would we have done on this long six day's voyage without her?

Imagine what a little world a ship is, cut off from all outside association, dependent upon each other, influenced for good or ill, by your enforced companions, what a wonderful factor is the presence of that most humanizing of all creations, a woman. Our steamer girl has illuminated the whole ship, she has made us forget when it rained, and has been a precious benison to us all. I wonder who she is, where she is going, who she leaves behind, way back in some Eastern town. Go where she may, could our wishes prepare her pathway, she ne'er could need a blessing or conceive a tear.

TEGUCIGALPA, Honduras, Aug 22, 1891.

On the 8th of this month I left Kingston, Jamaica, in company with Col. Clements of Kentucky, an elderly gentleman, who served with distinction in the confederate army; bound for this city which is the capital of Spanish Honduras. I had intended to go to Barbadoes and through South America before coming to Central America; but as the Colonel, whom I met in Kingston, was a most agreeable companion and could speak no Spanish, I decided to change my route, accompany him, and act as interpreter.

I have already written you somewhat of our experiences and impressions while crossing the isthmus and in Panama, from which latter place we embarked the 11th of this month on the Pacific mail steamer «Barracouta,» Capt. Passmore, bound on a five day's voyage to Amapala, the seaport of Honduras.

Our captain, a young Englishman, served in the royal navy, and commanded a British war vessel during the Chinese rebellion. He was most kind to us, gave us the bridal cabin and granted us the exclusive privilege of his private stateroom and the quarter deck. There were about thirty passengers aboard, and the cargo was principally composed of American beer, flour and other American products. We stopped at four ports in Costa Rica, Nicaragua and San

Salvador, at one of which we took on several head of live stock.

They were brought alongside the ship in a lighter, and hoisted on board by the ship windlass, by means of a rope which was fastened around the animal's horns. It was most amusing to see the look of surprise with which the animal greeted the beginning of the ascent up the steep side, which was soon exchanged for one of complete and frantic consternation, when he found himself dangling in mid air. One black bull in particular, made a good deal of sport, for when about half way up, he began to struggle and kick, by which means he managed to twist the rope around several times, and it was some minutes before he stopped whirling, and was let down in the hold of the ship.

On Sunday, the 16th, we arrived at our destination, Amapala, and found that we were in a republic without a railroad, and one hundred miles from the capital, to which place we were bound. On the following day we took a boat manned by four Indian rowmen and a pilot, and made the first thirty miles of our journey through lagoons filled with sharks and alligators, while the banks which were lined with a most luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation, are the abode of troops of wild monkeys, parrots and several other stranger species of flesh and fowl.

Having ascertained that the rest of our journey was to be made on what is sometimes denominated as the "hurricane deck" of a mule, and learning also that there were no beds along the route, we had provided saddles, blankets and hammocks, which latter I positively believe saved our lives several times, as nearly every room which we occupied during the trip was already tenanted by scorpions, centipedes, an occasional tarántula, and once in a while a venomous snake, by way of diversion. There was not a single candle, lamp, or other artificial light encountered on this journey of five days, except what the burning embers furnished, and when we got to a stopping place, the first thing to do was to hang our hammocks, get something to eat, and get to bed before dark. We could hear the confounded insects fighting on the dirt floor below us during the night, and occasionally smell the emitted and fatal venom.

I could tell you a pretty good snake story, and a true one, too, but I want you to believe everything I write about this trip, and in order to do so, I fear that I must discriminate between two varieties of fact, i. e., the probable and the improbable. Fortunately, my stock of the former will suffice for this letter.

We had telegraphed ahead for three mules and a driver, or guide, and when our little boat landed us, our baggage,

which consisted of two trunks and four valises, was loaded on to a little mule, which certainly did not weigh as much as the load he was destined to carry seventy miles, and over mountains more than five thousand feet high. Our two mules also gave us considerable trepidation, for fear that they would never be able to carry us; as the Colonel is six feet and three inches tall, and weighs two hundred pounds. But we found on mounting the diminutive little cusses, (I write it advisedly) that our feet touched the ground, and we reflected that if the mule needed help, we could walk without dismounting, and so help him up the steep places.

We started out about four o'clock in the afternoon, and had not gone three miles before it began to rain, and at the end of an hour, we were completely drenched; baggage, hammocks and all.

It is the winter season here, and it rains every afternoon, as we found out, and about 6 p. m. we came to a mud house containing one room, with a family of eight persons living in it; and after a good deal of persuasion we obtained permission to stay there for the night, our servant taking care of the mules, and sleeping with them, too.

It was now quite dark. We were hungry and wet, and we could get nothing to eat except cold beans, and tortillas, a kind of corn bread. However, we got into our wet hammocks, cold, hungry and tired, and slept till sunrise.

The next morning we were pretty stiff, and after eating some more beans and tortillas, we mounted our mules and attempted to start, in fact, we did start, but it was in the wrong direction. The mules had decided to go home, and had got quite a little distance in that direction before we succeeded in stopping them. Then they refused to go back, and we could not pull them, and for obviously sufficient reasons we refrained from attempting to push them. Finally the Colonel, whose fertility of resources has gained my complete admiration, suggested that we blindfold the little rascals, let them start towards home, and by gradually describing the arc of a circle, get them finally pointed in the direction of Tegucigalpa. This scheme proved a brilliant success, and we soon overtook our baggage mule.

On account of the heat, we made an early start, and traveled until noon, when we camped in a rural hut, and waited until the next morning. We traveled about three miles an hour, and made about twenty miles a day, being four days on the road.

On the morning of the second day, we began to climb the mountains, and saw some magnificent scenery. The Colonel's mule was the lazier of the two, and I generally rode behind him, giving him an occasional prod, by way of encouragement. Early in the journey our relative positions

suggested Cervantes' celebrated romance of knight errantry, and I constituted myself Sancho Panza, to the Colonel's Don Quixote.

The Colonel was unable to look over a precipice without becoming dizzy, and it was amusing to see him hug the inside of the road, when we came to a high place. Once in awhile he would get off from his mule, and walk around the curve, holding his umbrella in such a way as to shut out the glorious view of the valley, which in many places was more than one thousand feet directly below us.

The people of this country are quite primitive in their habits, and we were obliged to get along without knives, forks, spoons and plates, for four days, and we had a pretty good time, too. We would often stop at some little hut along the road, get a drink of water, and talk with the people in the house, while the mules were resting.

One of these one-room dwellings we found inhabited by a shriveled old woman, who told us that she didn't know how old she was. The following dialogue then ensued:

«How many children have you had?» Quite a pause and then came the answer, «four.» «How many boys?» «Four.» «You had no girls then?» A look of surprise, and then. «Oh yes, I had several girls, but they don't count.» «Do you remember how many girls there were in your family?»

«No, I never kept track of them.» «What do you generally have to eat?» «Oh, beans and tortillas.» «Don't you ever get any meat?» «Why certainly, we always try to have meat every Sunday.» She then became interrogator and asked me what we ate in our country. I told her that we had meat every day, also vegetables, pies and cakes, and tried to have ice cream every Sunday. «Ice cream,» she exclaimed, «What is that?» I asked her if she knew what ice was, and on receiving a negative answer, sadly diverted the conversation into other channels. A little farther on we came to a house where a girl had just died with small pox, which is very prevalent in this country. They had wrapped the body up in a straw mat, bound it securely with thongs of rawhide, and placing it on a rude frame, it was started on its funeral tour, resting on the heads of two of the principal mourners, preceded by two others, one of whom played a wierdly plaintive minor dirge on an accordeon, while the other carried a plain wooden cross, which was to mark the last resting place of the poor creature. The Colonel and myself gave added dignity to the procession, by bringing up a respectable rear, and in this manner the uneral cortege wended its solemn way for some distance until the forest was gained, where a little grave became a sacred spot.

The last night was spent about twenty miles from the capital, and in a building erected by the government for the benefit of travelers. Every government building is designated by two large gate posts in front of the building, made of stone and mortar, and I was told that when an appropriation is made for the erection of one of these buildings, the greater part is usually spent on the gate posts. This was certainly the case with the house I have mentioned above, for the gate posts were larger than the house.

We are going to stay hereabouts for about one month, and then go to Guatemala.

ATIQUEZAYATOTEPEQUE, San Salvador, Central America,
Oct. 24, 1891.

The man who named this town is dead, and so is the town. I have been here two days, and can now pronounce the name without shedding a tear, but had my lower jaw dislocated three times, and would advise any friend of mine who attempts to tackle it, to have a good surgeon within telephone communication.

During the past three weeks, I have traveled through the adjoining republic of Guatemala, and have seen many strange things, the which, if I should write thereof, would certainly endanger my reputation for veracity.

The history of Guatemala is most interesting, and it is well worth your time to read Bancroft's description of it in his celebrated History of Central America. Briefly, then, some two hundred years ago the capital of Guatemala was located at the base of a mountain, about one hundred miles inland from the Pacific ocean. It soon attained considerable size and prosperity, until on one eventful afternoon, the old mountain, which had always been considered as a sort of protector and friend, suddenly began to growl in a most ominous and threatening manner. The inhabitants were greatly surprised, and when, a few moments later, the whole top of the mountain blew off, and rocks, trees and

lava, were thrown in all directions for miles around, their consternation was complete. A number of people were killed, houses were overthrown, and great damage done.

It was soon decided to rebuild the capital, the people reasoning, I presume, like the small boy, who being asked by his teacher, why lightning never strikes twice in the same place, replied, «because once is enough.»

Their confidence in the re-establishment of pacific relations with the mountain volcano, however, was sadly misplaced, for, after waiting a few decades, during which time the city had become the largest and most prosperous in Central America, a terrific earthquake reduced the proud capital to a mass of ruins.

The people who were not killed, collected their senses and possessions, and made a three days' journey in a direct line away from their vindictive enemy, which menaced them for several days after, with a pillar of smoke by day, and a river of fire by night. At last they camped in a beautiful valley, and established anew their capital, which is now known as the city of Guatemala, the largest city in Central America.

The old ruined city is called Antigua, and I spent a couple of days there.

Some idea of its former importance may be had from the

fact that the ruins of sixtyfour churches can be seen there now, and I succeeded in obtaining several good photographs of some of them, which are destined to help fill a book of views of the principal places which I visit.

These old churches testify that their ruin was complete, and although they were built massive and strong, the force of the shock was sufficient to overthrow them so thoroughly, that many fragments of dome and pillar, were hurled over two hundred feet.

The climate of Guatemala city is very cool at this season of the year, and I found my overcoat, of great value every day. In fact, the coffee plantations suffered somewhat during the past month. Coffee, by the way, is the principal product of Guatemala, and a plantation of twenty thousand trees is worth \$50,000.

Coffee grows and flourishes only in the shade, and therefore the first thing to do to start a plantation, is to plant as many rapidly growing shade trees as there are to be coffee trees, and when they are a couple of years old, the coffee plants may be set out. In Mexico, banana trees are usually used for shade, but here they use a tree known as the *Eucalyptus globulus*. A coffee tree bears fruit the third year and continues growing and producing for about ten years, at which time it is often twelve feet high

It is then cut down and new plants started. A good tree will yield three pounds of coffee per year, which is worth about seventyfive cents.

The berries when ready for picking, resemble a ripe cranberry in size, shape and color, and the Republic of Guatemala exported last year \$13,000,000 worth of them.

When I was a small boy I used to wonder, when reading in McNally's school geography about volcanoes, and looking at the picture of Vesuvius, which adorned the upper half of a wellthumbed page, whether or not I would ever dare to see a real live, sure enough volcano. Before the important question was satisfactorily settled in my youthful mind, however, I was supposed to have mastered the physical divisions of the world, its principal capes, bays, etc., could name the fourteen counties of Massachusetts: bound Hampshire county, and was permitted to relegate the study of geography, to younger, and less informed intellects.

Since then, the element of fear has been gradually overcome, and it was with feelings of wonder and astonishment only, when, last Monday, while guiding a sleepy mule around a yawning precipice in this quaint old Republic of Salvador, I came suddenly in full view, of the comparatively new, though dangerously active volcano, called «Izalco.» About once every ten minutes it belches forth huge columns

of smoke, fire and lava, which latter can be seen running, down the mountain side all the time, lighting up the whole country around, every night.

On the morning of the ninth of last month, the little volcano, after a brief period of rest, suddenly awoke, and became the father of a first class earthquake, in fact twins, for there were two distinct shocks, which rocked the houses for miles around.

Not a single building escaped damage, and carpenters are in great demand everywhere. The volcano is not wholly satisfied yet, and people are holding their breath in anticipation of further outbreaks. In fact for fully three weeks after the earthquake, people sleep in tents erected in the streets, not daring to sleep in their houses.

About once every two or three years, this volcano will close shop, and remain perfectly quiet. If this condition of lethargy lasts more than three days, people begin to pack their trunks, move out into the country, and anxiously await the inevitable outbreak.

I am about to take a hundred mile mule ride, and my guide is waiting with my saddle and pack mules, all ready to sally forth on this unknown journey; we are to

pass through a tropical forest, where wild monkeys, parrots, large snakes and some wild beasts of prey are alleged to live, and I hope to be able to shoot a fat little monkey, in order to see if its meat is as palatable as an old East Indian traveller friend of mine asseverates it to be.

GRANADA, Nicaragua, Nov. 7, 1891.

I believe that when, say twelve years of age, I would as soon have met a rhinoceros on the road, as a Catholic priest. I had never seen either, and mention this only to show how foolish a person may be, who has seen only a small bit of what goes to make a world.

During my first year in Catholic Mexico, I nursed a genuine and heartfelt sympathy for the poor Indians, who form nine tenths of the church-going people there, and whose hard earned pennies gild the domes and transepts of twelve hundred cathedrals and churches, and support thirty five hundred priests, and whose brown knees bear indubitable evidence to their sincerity.

I was, in fact, a strong advocate and promoter of measures which had for their ultimate object the evangelization (I think we added, civilization,) of these so called heathen.

One afternoon, after I had listened to a strong and convincing sermon from a Methodist bishop, on the text, "Go thou into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," I took a boat on the canal, and drifted down the lazy current, past banks of flowers, and finally landed near a quaint old church, whose foundations were laid before Cortez paid the penalty of a murderer. Wierdly plaintive were the strains of music born in the soul of the old organ,

and wafted to my ear from out the open inviting doors of this sanctuary, and involuntarily I soon found myself, hat in hand, standing on the worn stones which had been polished by bare feet and reverent knees, for centuries. The organ and priest were hidden in the musty alcoves, but bright and radiant was the halo which halfhid the sad and strangely sweet face of the blessed Virgin Mother, as with outstretched hands, she proffered peace, pardon, and everlasting happiness to the humble suppliants prostrated before her, and to whom she was in very truth, no graven work of man's hand, but the living, actual «*Mater Dolorosa*,» the Mother of God.

It was a calm, typical Sabbath afternoon, and the very atmosphere inside that old church vibrated and thrilled with the intensity of suppressed devotion. Even the notes which came from the organ, were accentuated and pulsating with adoration, and when the barefooted child choir in the transept, began to chant in a minor key, a strain that I can never forget; with tears chasing each other down my face, I stole reverently out into the sunlight, wondering no longer, why the Catholic church has so many believing and happy adherents.

I trust no one will think me a convert to this faith, however, but I have learned that any belief which can

render its adherents better men and women, and which supplies faith, trust and hope, to a hungry heart, is worthy of credence, and should not be ridiculed or condemned.

Catholicism in Mexico and Central America, is quite a different thing, however, than in the United States and other highly civilized countries. From personal knowledge, I can asseverate that a majority of the Indians in Mexico and Central America, mistake the image for the real, and actually believe that the figure which they kneel before, is supernatural. This, of course, you say is rank superstition; granted, in a measure, but it is better than nothing, and it is *satisfying*. They are poor, weak, ignorant, and scarcely above their four footed companions in intelligence. They must worship something tangible, something that they can see and touch. They have an apostolic precedent for this, too, by the way.

Today is the «*Dia de los difuntos*,» or the «day of the dead.» This is an annual Catholic feast day in Nicaragua, and every grave in the old cemetery was adorned early this morning with a wreath of wild flowers, placed there by some loving friend, in accordance with the belief that on this day, the soul of the departed, returns to the grave for a few hours. These wreaths will be brought back from the sacred spot tonight, and will be hung on the walls of the

houses, until they are all faded and dry, when they will be carefully laid away.

The Catholic religion is full of these beautiful rites and ceremonials, and to my mind it is the only faith adapted to the spiritual needs of these people. They are uniformly happy, polite to a fault, make good husbands and wives, are wonderfully kind and tender to their parents and dependent relatives, and indulgent to their children. Added to all, they are prosperous, and are rapidly introducing modern improvements in science and education, and the time may not be far away when they will be able to shake hands with the United States upon a common platform.



Reminiscences.



A CHAPTER ON OPALS.

The other day, while reading an article in a paper, relating to opals, and the common superstition regarding them, my mozo returned from the Post office with my daily mail. In it I found a letter from a young lady acquaintance back in Massachusetts, enclosing an opal which I gave her about three years ago, upon the occasion of her marriage. The opal was returned, she stated in the accompanying letter, because she believed that it was the cause of the succession of misfortunes which had fallen to her lot since her marriage, and which had finally culminated in her husband deserting her and her six weeks old baby. She closed her most pathetic letter, by beseeching me never to give any more opals to any one I cared for.

After reading the letter through, I took the opal and started toward the window, intending to throw the stone into the street; Divining my purpose, a friend who was present, urged me to give him the opal, which I at once refused to do, stating that it had caused enough trouble already; whereupon he forcibly took it away from me, and put it in his pocketbook, where he had quite a sum of money; That afternoon, he went to a bullfight, and a thief kindly checked the misfortunes which menaced him, by robbing him of the pocket book, opal, and all.

It would be interesting, if possible, to trace the further career of this most unlucky stone. Suffice it to state, while bidding it a long farewell, that about one month after, I received another letter from the deserted wife, stating that her husband returned home the same week in which she sent me the fateful opal.

As this circumstance forms a very fitting sequel to a queer train of coincidences which culminated in a somewhat tragic manner, during a trip I made through Central America in 1891, I have thought that the whole might not prove uninteresting reading, and herewith give it to you. In November 1891, I was aboard an English steamer, off the Pacific Coast of Honduras, when a young Englishman, who was a passenger on the steamer, and to whom I had shown several favors, told me that he desired to express his gratitude for my kindness in a more substantial manner than mere words could admit of. Taking a small package out of his vest pocket, he handed it to me with the request that I accept its contents, as a slight token of his appreciation of my kindness to him.

I have been taught never to refuse a good offer, and opening the small box, discovered a fine Hungarian opal, which flashed a thousand glints of iridescent beauty, as if glad to get out of the darkness. It was a beautiful stone,

and a most valuable gift: but I returned it sadly to the donor with the remark that I did not dare to keep it. «So you are superstitious about opals, are you?» said he.

I admitted that I had laid myself liable to the accusation, and added that while not a believer in superstitions in general, I had had some experience with opals, which led me to believe that there was some real foundation for the general idea that they were unlucky things to own. «Tell me your experience with them» said he; and so I related the history of my first opal, which I purchased for seventy dollars in Mexico in 1885, was offered one hundred dollars for it the next day, and finally sent it to Tiffany of New York for valuation, by a trusted friend, and that I had never seen or heard from the opal since.

«But» said he «that might happen with any object; it was simply the act of a person unworthy to be called a friend, you certainly don't blame the opal for that?» «wait a minute» I said, «I didn't attach any thing superstitious to the occurrence at that time, and soon after, I had a pair of small opals set as earrings, and made a birth day present of them to a cousin, who was engaged to be married to a young man of great worth and promise. Do you know that young man was taken sick almost immediately, and died?»

«But that was only a coincidence,» said my friend the Englishman. «So I then thought,» I replied, «and in a few months more, while visiting in Massachusetts I gave an opal to a young man, who went right away and married a virago, who bore him three sets of twins in as many years, and who leads him the devils own life, and all an account of the opal which I so foolishly gave him.»

«Do you really think so?» said the Englishman with a look of astonishment on his face, as though he more than half believed me crazy—«Do I think so?» said I, «why I *know* it! while on my way back to Mexico, I went through Toledo, Ohio, and who should I meet at the depot, but an old Minnesota friend, Ed. Locke: well I gave him an opal, and the first thing I read in a newspaper on my arrival in Mexico, was a telegram announcing the death of his father, David R. Locke, the famous «Nasby,» who died on the very day I gave his son that fateful opal; what do you say to that?» said I convincingly.

«It's a queer story any way,» replied he, «but you surely don't attribute the death of Mr. Locke, to the opal you gave his son?»

«No» said I «at the time, I did not; but when, a few weeks after, I gave a young tourist a small opal, and he fell off from a house the same day, and broke a leg, I began to

put these coincidences, as you call them, together, and to believe that there was something in it after all. So I gave all the opals I had left, to an opal merchant to sell; reserving one beauty only, which I had set in a ring, and gave to a very dear friend, in a moment of absent mindedness; The opal dealer kept the stones, and has never paid me for them, and the friend to whom I gave the ring, fell ill within a month and nearly died: and I had a succession of disasters fall to my lot about that time, from the effects of which I may never wholly recover; and this whole combination of fatalities, dear sir, must furnish my excuse for declining your valuable gift.»

«You have certainly made out a pretty strong case» said he, «but I am not yet wholly converted to your way of thinking. Accept this opal, and if, say within a month, anything startling or calamitous occurs to you, I will promise to join the ranks of the superstitious, count noses at the table, buy a rabbits foot, and nail a horse shoe on the top of my trunk.» «Agreed» I replied, and then took the opal; About three days later, we were travelling in San Salvador, and occupied the same room that night in a small hotel in a town situated at the foot of the active volcano «Izalco.» About two o'clock the following morning, we were suddenly thrown out of our beds, onto the hard stone

floor; regaining our feet, we were at once thrown down again, and were soon awake to the fact that a full grown earthquake was having some fun with us; «the opal» said I, «bosh, an opal can't cause an earthquake,» replied he, "Well then, we won't count this," said I, and we went back to bed, and to sleep. When morning dawned, I was awaked by a shrill cry from the Englishman, who exclaimed that he had been bitten by a snake, in his bed; on throwing off the scant covering, there sure enough, lay a reptile about two feet long, and a bright red spot on my friends left leg, was speedily cauterized by me. "Now don't blame the opal for this," said he, "for nothing has happened to you yet."

I had by this time, got one leg into my pants, and was about to reply, when I felt a sharp sting on the calf of the pantalooned extremity, and hurridly kicking the garment off, saw a scorpion about three inches long, running along the floor, from my pants, with his tail held high in air. Hastily cauterizing the wound, and drinking about a pint of brandy, I killed both snake and scorpion, and threw them out of the window, and the opal after them; then drawing a genuine breath of relief, I said "what do you think now?" Taking me by both hands, he gasped. "I am convinced!"

AN EXPERIMENT IN HYPNOTISM.

CHAPTER I.

We were second-year students at a noted medical college, and by a strange and indefinable impulse, felt ourselves drawn toward each other from the first day when we were standing listlessly in the large lecture room, looking at the more than hundred students from all parts of the country. He was from the South, from Georgia, he told me, and when I suggested that we chum together, he said that his room was large, and invited me to cast my fortune with him.

We enjoyed a Damo-Pythian friendship for three years, and then, with diplomas fairly earned, we went apart, he to his Southern home. And although nearly two decades have passed, and the principal actors of the tragedy are far away, I half reproach myself for making public what is to follow.

We were assembled in the dissecting room one evening, called together by the demonstrator of anatomy, for the purpose of assigning to us dissecting material. There were five bodies, brought from we knew not where; but there they were, and, standing in the presence of so much death, many of us felt the cold shudder which resembled the

phenomenon attending our first cigar, in that it was never repeated. Twenty-five students responded to their names, and as each quintet was completed, they were introduced to one of the bodies, and informed that they might prepare to divide it as they saw fit.

For the purpose of anatomical investigation, a human body consists of five parts, as follows: head, right arm, left arm, right leg and left leg; and each extremity is supposed to include its proportional part of the trunk or body. This division, however, is an imaginary one, as the body is not actually divided, but each student confines his attention to the part assigned him.

To our mutual pleasure, my friend and myself were soon grouped, with three other young investigators, around the body of a young woman of perhaps nineteen years of age. It was some time before anyone spoke. Her individuality seemed to protest against our presence, and we felt as if we ought to apologize to the mute object, for our rude intentions.

How shall we divide the body? Following a Biblical suggestion, we decided to cast lots, and five slips of paper were soon prepared, which read as follows. Head, R. A., L. A. R. L., L. L. They were put into a hat, and we each

drew a piece of paper. My friend drew the head, and I the left arm.

As it was then quite late, the students rapidly went to their homes, and, according to a previous agreement we remained alone with the dead.

For some time neither spoke. We were charmed by the strange spectacle, and awed by the weird surroundings. My friend, whose name was Henry, broke the silence. His voice seemed an echo from the dead, and startled me visibly.

Said he, «She was a pretty woman.»

I answered, «Yes,» and we fell to dreaming again. I was speculating upon the problem of life and the mystery of death, and by degrees the room seemed to grow darker and more uncanny, and we had to talk to keep from being frightened.

I asked him if he knew what were the absolute physical signs of death.

Ordinarily, when the death agony comes, its evidences are pronounced and unmistakable; but we have undoubted proof that many persons have been buried alive, and it was the terrible possibility that we might be at that moment in the presence of actual life, masquerading in the ceremonies of the dead, that prompted my question. As his

father was one of the noted physicians of the South, I felt sure of an intelligent and comprehensive answer.

Said he: "There are several noted tests of death, with which a negative result would conclusively indicate absolute divorce of soul and body. We know that a strong electrical current will cause contraction of certain muscles of the body even after death, but this startling effect can be produced only within about five hours after death. Granted that well marked muscular contractions are produced after the body has passed this period of time, the evidence would strongly indicate the presence of the vital element called life. If, added to this, we find, after tying a string tightly around one of the fingers of the suspected person, that a change of color appears in the part beyond the ligature, we have unmistakable evidence of blood circulation. We should then presume, by putting the tip of one of the fingers in our ear, to be able to detect that peculiar rustling sound which is caused by the flow of blood through the fine network of vessels in the end of the finger; then, after thoroughly electrifying the body, we should expect to get evidences of faint respiration by holding a mirror over the face."

During this interesting explanation I had been unconsciously toying with a plain gold ring which was on

the third finger of our beautiful subject's left hand, and mechanically endeavored to remove it from the finger. Meeting with unexpected resistance, I applied considerable force to it, and drew my friend's attention to my efforts. Together, we endeavored to remove the ring, which resisted our combined strength. We succeeded in getting it as far as the middle joint of the finger, but it would not pass over.

Our curiosity was now aroused, as the ring was lodged tightly and would not move either way, although we redoubled our efforts.

All at once we were struck with the most remarkable and significant appearance of the end of the finger. *It was visibly darker than the others!* Horrified, we gazed into each other's blanched faces, The truth gradually dawned upon our thoroughly frightened minds. We had unconsciously applied the test of ligating the finger, and the pressure of the ring had arrested the feeble current of vitality which was sluggishly coursing through the pallid member.

A thousand wild fancies struggled through our brain. What should we do? We were speechless with amazement.

At last we began to think, and to think was to act. In the first place, we must get her out of the dissecting room. But where shall we take her? Suppose we remove her to

a hotel, and fail to restore her to life, we shall be the laughingstock of the whole city.

So we decided upon a plan, which, if a success, would not compromise the young lady, and if we failed to resuscitate her, we could cover our failure at least in oblivion. In short, we decided to take the body to our boardinghouse, making our landlady—a motherly, kind hearted woman—our confidant, and there use our best efforts to bring the unfortunate young lady back to life.

But how to get her out of the dissecting room without detection was the next question. I cautiously stole out and reconnoitred the premises. It was nearly one o'clock, and the janitor of the building had retired for the night, trusting to the spring lock on the door, and the dreary occupants inside, to keep out intruders. We then decided that I should go for a hack, and my friend would repair hastily to our home, on Allen Street, to acquaint our landlady with the facts of the case, and to procure a suit of his clothing, with which he returned to the college. I had already arrived with a closed hack, and together we hurriedly dressed our fair patient.

The sleepy driver of the coach, had been told that we wanted his aid in carrying home an unfortunate comrade, who had imbibed too freely of champagne, so that when

we arrived at the side of the carriage, supporting the limp form of our supposed comrade, he was readily deceived. We drove hurriedly to the house, and met with no mishap.

The room was already prepared for the strange guest, and our landlady was on the tiptoe of curious expectancy, as we carried our burden upstairs.

We soon had her comfortably extended in bed, and she had as yet shown no sign of life, save that the finger was perceptibly growing darker.

Fortunately, I had a strong galvanic battery in my room, and we at once set to work in a most assiduous manner. The muscles of the arm responded readily to the electrical current, and we at once commenced stimulating the nerve centres of the heart and lungs.

At last, after what seemed an interminably long time, we were rewarded by a faint change of color in the face of our patient, and finally a longdrawn suspirous breath or sigh escaped her.

Eagerly we waited for more pronounced evidences of success, and when the long, lustrous eyelashes were slightly raised, disclosing eyes of heavenly blue, our cup of happiness was overflowing.

We turned hot brandy and water down her throat, and in our eagerness, nearly choked the poor thing. This

accident, however, proved of great value, for it caused a violent attack of coughing, and enabled her fully to inflate her lungs.

She partly raised up in bed, and looking wildly around, exclaimed: «Where am I?»

Bidding her lie down, we endeavored to quiet her, telling her not to speak until she was fully recovered. Leaving her with the landlady, we then went to our room.

The next morning, as we expected, everything was in confusion at the college. Such a thing as the mysterious disappearance of a subject from the dissecting room, was unheard of in the annals of the medical school. By keeping quiet we knew that no suspicion would fasten upon us, and we had absolute faith in our landlady. Another body was speedily procured, and after the usual nine days wonder, the occurrence was rapidly forgotten.

CHAPTER II.

The morning following our strange adventure in the dissecting room, we called upon the young lady whom we had so fortunately rescued from death. She was still weak and pale. Being entirely ignorant of her name and antecedents, we at once questioned her as to where she desired to be taken, and whom we should summon to her assistance.

As the landlady was present, she was requested by our patient to leave the room, and when we three were alone she spoke substantially as follows:

"Kindest of friends, I owe my life to your efforts, and I know that I can trust you with my story. It must be kept sacred by you both. My mother died when I was quite young, and my father about two years ago. I have but one relative, a brother, whose name is Gerald. He was always what is called a little wild, and was expelled from college for an affair which was almost a crime; and the exposure and consequent disgrace hastened my father's death. Gerald went abroad immediately after his college escapade, and we heard from him but rarely. After my father's death he returned, and when the contents of the will were made known to him, he seemed very angry, and made threats of contesting it. By the terms of the will, the property was left to me entirely, with the proviso that Gerald was to receive one thousand dollars yearly until his death. In the event of my death without issue, the property was to revert to Gerald or his heirs.

"I repeatedly assured Gerald that I would gladly share with him, but that by the provision of the will, it was impossible. By degrees, however, he appeared to become pacified, and after the first year of our mourning was over,

entered again into society, and was to all appearances quite happy.

"He took a great interest in everything pertaining to mesmerism, mind reading, etc., and once told me that he had made some surprising discoveries during his residence abroad. He would often at our little evening parties astonish us with exhibitions which certainly appeared supernatural. On these occasions I was generally his subject, and he would make me do anything he desired. At one time he put me in a trancelike condition, from which he had some difficulty in awakening me. He did not perform this experiment again in public, but on the plea that he was writing a book upon the subject, readily induced me to aid him in his investigations.

"As he was very secretive, I could learn but little of the nature of his researches, but now the whole thing is clear—yes, too clear to my mind."

At this moment, overcome by her terrible recollections, she fainted away, and was resuscitated with considerable difficulty.

On the following day she resumed her strange narrative, in which we took the deepest interest.

"These experiments," she continued, "were kept up for several months, during which time I felt myself being

slowly drawn under some subtle influence over which I had no control. For days at a time I would be confined to my room, during which period, Gerald would allow no one to see me; and when the spell was broken, I would have no lively recollection of what had transpired.

"My general health was good, however, and my brother assured me one day, that his book was nearly finished, and that he had but one more test to make. This he said would be of quite a different nature from any of those which had preceded, and I readily assented, upon his positive assurance that it involved no danger.

"One evening, after I had retired to my apartment, he announced that he was ready for the experiment. He directed me to gaze intently at the moon, which was shining in full brilliancy through my window. This did not surprise me, as the previous experiments had been conducted on a similar plan. After looking at the moon for a few moments, I seemed to lose my identity, and was aware that my brother was making rapid passes over my forehead. I then seemed to be lifted out of myself, so to speak, and was aware that I had ceased to breathe. My eyelids were gently closed by Gerald, and I could distinctly hear his labored breathing. He bent over me, felt of my pulse,

placed his ear to my heart, and said, in a voice that seemed a mile away, 'Success at last.'

"Remember that at this time I was perfectly conscious, but utterly powerless to use a single muscle. Gerald remained in the room all night, occasionally bending over me, and noting my condition.

"The next morning he went away, and soon returned with a physician whose voice was unfamiliar to me, and who examined me. 'Yes,' said he, 'she has been dead some hours.'

"Gerald requested him to write a death certificate, and he did so, in my presence, stating that the apparent cause of death was paralysis of the heart.

"Until this time I had no idea of Gerald's real intentions, but when the physician stated that decomposition would rapidly follow, and advised an early burial, the truth in its horrible entirety burst upon my brain, and I made almost superhuman efforts to shriek, to arise, to move my arms, anything, but no, I could not even cause a tremor of an eyelid; the terrible consciousness that I was to be buried alive, was mine, and I distinctly remember the minutest details of the funeral, which was private, and can almost hear the thud of the earth which beat a death knell upon my coffin.

"At this time I probably lost consciousness, for the next

thing that I remember was being lifted out of the coffin, placed in a wagon and driven a long distance over a rough road. My mind was now full of wonderment. Had Gerald relented? My fervent hopes in this direction, however, were soon dissipated. The wagon stopped, and I distinctly heard my body sold by my captors, for twenty five dollars! I was then carried into a damp, cold place, and left there alone.

"After what seemed a long time, I heard several persons come into my latest resting place, and then was made aware of the nature of my locality, by the conversation of the students who gathered around me. I was in a dissecting room! I was to be cut up! Oh, God! You can imagine something of the terror of my situation, when I heard you casting lots over my body.

"But when you began to talk about the signs of death, a ray of hope came to my relief; and when you (pointing at me) took hold of my ring, my poor mother's wedding ring, I felt that she was guiding you then. And, well, you know the rest, and that I can never prove my gratitude to you both, for all you have done and may yet do for me. I have no other friends on earth, and I will be guided in my actions, by you, with but one reservation, which I must insist upon. I am supposed by my friends to be dead. In

order to keep my brother's terrible crime from becoming known, I must forever leave this part of the country, and can never see his face again."

She sank back upon her pillow, completely exhausted by her exertions. Giving her a stimulating cordial, we withdrew, after warmly promising to obey her in every particular, but with assurances to secure for her at least a modicum of justice.

Going to our room, we talked over this wonderful affair, and almost regretted that we had promised the immunity of the law, to the villain Gerald. We decided, however, to visit him, as we knew his name and residence. Taking a train, we were soon ushered into a magnificent drawing room, and on asking to see the gentleman of whom we were in search, we were informed by the servant, that he had gone abroad, the second day after the funeral of his sister. Procuring his address, we returned home and wrote him a letter, of which as nearly as I can recollect, the following is a copy:

"DEAR SIR: We mail you with this letter, copies of recent newspapers, in which you will find the account of the strange disappearance of a young lady from the dissecting room of a local medical college. This young lady was, or, rather, is, your sister, *whom you supposed to be buried alive*

by the side of your parents. She was stolen from the grave, sold to the medical college, and resuscitated by ourselves, and is at present under our care. She has constituted us her protectors, and we can assure you personal safety, only upon your prompt compliance with the following conditions, namely: You are to return to this country immediately, place the property on sale, and realize as much cash as possible from the estate. You are then to give us, in your sister's name, three-fourths of the sum secured. Your sister will not prosecute you if you comply with these demands, and desires to hold no interview with you, with which request we feel sure you will readily comply. She will then leave New England, and endeavor to find among new scenes and friends, another life, in which she can in a measure, forget the past."

Giving him our address, we mailed the letter and papers, and anxiously awaited a reply to the missive.

Our patient rapidly grew stronger, and being provided with suitable raiment, through the kindly offices of our landlady, she was soon able to ride out in a closed carriage daily, carefully avoiding the possibility of recognition by former friends, who believed her dead.

In less than three weeks, we received a note from Gerald, stating that he would be in the city on the following afternoon, barring accidents.

We thought best for certain reasons to procure a note from his sister, addressed to him, and she immediately penned the following:

"GERALD: This will be handed you by the only friends I have on earth. I hardly know what to write you. I was conscious of all that transpired during the time when I was supposed to be dead, and heard your expression of relief when you were assured of the success of your last experiment. Oh, Gerald, how could you do it? You are my only living relative, and when the weary years to come, have tempered, as I pray God they may, my fearful recollections of the past, I trust to be able to forgive you, but I cannot now. Your sister, MARGARET."

Armed with this letter, we repaired at the appointed time, to the hotel designated by Gerald. Upon inquiry, we were shown to a private parlor, and there, pacing back and forth in the room, was the object of our visit. We handed him the addressed note. Hastily tearing it apart with trembling hands, he hurriedly ran over its contents. Turning to us, he said: "Gentlemen, I accept your terms, and will do even more. My lawyer is in waiting, and I am prepared to convey to you in trust for my sister, the whole estate. There are a few thousand dollars in the bank, and

with this sum I intend leaving the country, never to return.

As we were intensely anxious to learn more of the strange power which he possessed over his sister, we questioned him upon the subject.

At first he declined to talk about it, but finally stated that while abroad, he became acquainted with a German professor, named Heidenheim, who taught him the principles of mesmerism, or what is now denominated hypnotism. He took a great interest in the subject, and was directed by his tutor, to Professor Charcot, of Paris, where he continued his investigations.

On arriving home, after the death of his father, he was greatly disappointed in finding that he was practically disinherited; but never meditated evil intentions toward his sister until he discovered, accidentally, that he possessed the power of mesmerizing her, and then the thought grew upon him that he could in this manner attain his end.

The valuable estate was duly and legally made over to us, jointly and severally, "for the sum of one dollar, and valuable considerations," I believe the deed stated. The business was soon settled, we bade Gerald good-by, and I have never seen, or heard from him since.

The rest of the story is soon told; the estate was disposed of for the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and with this modest fortune, Miss Margaret, at the earnest solicitation of my friend, concluded to visit his family, in Georgia, and, if mutually agreeable to both parties, to make her home with them.

Accompanied by her maid, she performed the journey and arrived safely. After a short time we ceased discussing the affair.

Margaret was happy in her new home, and in a few months I had almost forgotten her. We went through our three years' course at the medical college, graduated, had a parting dinner, and with moisture in our eyes said farewell.

About two years later I received a paper, addressed in writing which seemed strangely familiar. It contained an announcement of the marriage of my two Southern friends.







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